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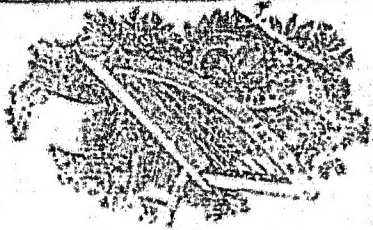
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POETRY.

From the Winchester Republic.

MUSIC.

A las aves sacaba de sus nidos,
Al hombre engaba sus sentidos:
A sus sonoras voces
Se amansaban los brutos mas feroces,
Y las mimas diademas elevadas
Quedaban con sus ecos enredadas.—*Cadalso.*

Hark! from the evening's wing
Swell tones of music's softest flow;
It seems from the wild harp's chords—
It seems the breathings, soft and low,
Of mystic and half-faded words,
As spirits of twilight whispering,
Upon their lonely errands come
From the flowers and streams of their glorious home.

Surely it breathes
Of some far land untraced, unseen,
As when across the prison gloom
Faint sun rays, strayed from heaven, allume
The spot where voiceless misery writhes;
Or whisperings, mid earth's winter scene,
Of fadeless bloom and green

Tones from some eventide,
And music from some far Eutopian glen,
Whose mind can read its mysteries beside
The waves that beat to their source again;
Deep mysteries! yet near and known,
As childhood songs familiarly glow;
For all the spirit's longings there
From the full fount of knowledge are supplied,
And the soul's thirst is satisfied.

Such, unforgotten,
Delicious tone, unkindles all from thee:
And if thy voice ne'er wake again,
And thou with thy entrancing strain
For earth thy melody awaken not,
Yet wilt it o'er the spirit be
The spell of music's mastery.

Thou ethereal!
Something too pure to linger here,
And like a spirit's voice,
That ever we hear it say—"rejoice,
For the stars hold communion, and the sea
Speaks with its breath of ages unto thee—"
It leaves the awakened heart to feel
Alone and silent as the sea,
Leaves of the fading year.

Light o'er the peak,
And things to speak of life
When all that bids them mourn has seen decay,
Like things of earth, or passed in light away,
Like a pure spirit with glory rife
Yet to the desolate heart recall,
Bloom from its coronal.

Breathe yet, breathe once again
To mortal ear that thrilling music note;
Oh! if so seldom o'er the paths of earth,
With all the songs of sadness and of mirth,
There's so wild and soft and sweet a strain
Oh! bid those mystic murmurs float
Across my heart again!

THE SAILOR IN TURKEY.

FROM "THE PASHA OF MANY TALES."

"MASHALLAH! God be praised, we are rid of that fellow and his doubts. I have been thinking, Mustapha, as I smoked the pipe of surmise, and arrived at the ashes of certainty, that a man who has so many doubts could not be a true believer. I wish I had sent him to the Molasses, we might have been amused with his being impaled, which is a rare object now-a-days.

"God is great," replied Mustapha, "and a stake is a strong argument, and would remove many doubts. But I have an infidel in the court-yard who telleth of strange things. He hath been caught like a wild beast; it is a Frank Galton, who hath traveled as far as the son of Shitan, Huckleback; he was found in the street, overpowered by the forbidden juice, after having beaten many of your Highness's subjects, and the Cadi would have administered the bamboo, but he was as a lion, and he scattered the slaves as chaff, until he fell, and could not rise again. I have taken him from the Cadi, and brought him here. He speaketh but the Frankish tongue, but the Sun who shineth on me knoweth that I have been in the Frank country, and Inshallah! please the Lord, I can interpret his meaning."

"What sort of a man may he be, Mustapha?"

"He is a big jigg—a big belly—a stout man; he is an Ankumker, a swallower of iron. He hath sailed in the war vessels of the Franks. He holdeth in one hand a bottle of the forbidden liquor, in the other, he shakes at those who

would examine him, a thick stick. He hath a large handful of the precious weed which we use for our pipes in one of his cheeks, and his hair is hanging behind down to his waist in a rolled up mass, as thick as the arm of your slave."

"It is well—we will admit him; but let there be armed men at hand. Let me have a full pipe! God is great," continued the Pasha, holding out his glass to be filled; "and the bottle is nearly empty. Place the guards, and bring in the infidel."

The guards in a few minutes brought into presence of the Pasha, a stout-built English sailor, in the usual dress, and with a tail which hung down behind below his waist. The sailor did not appear to like his treatment, and every now and then, as they pushed and dragged him in, turned to one side or the other, looking daggers at those who conducted him. He was sober, although his eyes bore testimony to recent intoxication, and his face, which was manly and handsome, was much disfigured by an enormous quid of tobacco in his right cheek, which gave him an appearance of natural deformity. As soon as he was near enough to the Pasha, the attendants let him go. Jack shook his Jacket, hitched up his trousers, and said, looking furiously at them, "Well, you beggars, have you done with me at last?"

Mustapha addressed the sailor in English, telling him that he was in the presence of his Highness the Pasha.

"What, that old chap, muffled up in shawls and furs—is he the Pasha? Well, I don't think much of him; and the sailor turned his eyes round the room, gazing with astonishment, and perfectly unmindful how very near he was to one who could cut off his head or his tail, by a single movement of his hand.

"What saith the Frank, Mustapha?" inquired the Pasha.

"He is struck dumb with astonishment at the splendor of your majesty, and all that he beholds."

"It is well said, by Allah!"

"I suppose I may just as well come to an anchor," said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down on the mats. "There," continued he, folding his legs in imitation of the Turks, "as it's the fashion to have a cross in your hawse in this here country, I can be a bit of a lubber as well as yourselves. I wouldn't mind if it blew a cloud, as well as you, old rusty-musty."

"What does the Gaiour say? What son of a dog is this, to sit in our presence?" exclaimed the Pasha.

"He saith," replied Mustapha, "that in his country no one dare stand in the presence of the Frankish king; and overcome by his humility, his legs refuse their office, and he sinks to the dust before you. It is even as he saith for I have traveled in their country, and such is the custom of that uncivilized nation. Mashallah! but he lives in awe and trembling."

"By the beard of the prophet he does not appear to show it outwardly," replied the Pasha; "but that may be the custom also."

"Be chesim—on my eyes, be it," replied Mustapha, "it is even so. Frank," said Mustapha, "the Pasha has sent for you that he may hear an account of all the wonderful things which you have seen. You must tell lies, and you will have gold."

"Tell lies! that is, spin a yarn; well, I can do that, but my mouth's baked with thirst and without a drop of something, the devil a yarn from me, and so you may tell the old Billy-Gont perched up there."

"What sayeth the son of Shitan," demanded the Pasha, impatiently.

"The unbeliever declareth that his tongue is glued to his mouth from the terror of your highness's presence. He fainteth after water to restore him, and enable him to speak."

"Let him be fed," rejoined the Pasha.

But Mustapha had heard enough to know that the sailor would not be content with the pure element. He therefore continued, "Your slave must tell you that in the country of the Franks, they drink nothing but the fire water, in which the true believers but occasionally venture to indulge."

"Allah acbar! nothing but fire water! What then do they do with common water?"

"They have none but from heaven—the rivers are all of the same strength."

"Mashallah, how wonderful is God! I would we had a river here. Let some be procured then, for I wish to hear his story."

A bottle of brandy was sent for and handed to the sailor, who put it to his mouth, and the quantity he took of it before he removed the bottle to recover his breath, fully convinced the Pasha that Mustapha's assertions were true.

"Come, that's not so bad, said the sailor, putting the bottle down between his legs; "and now I'll be as good as my word, I'll spin old Billy a yarn as long as the mainmast-bowling."

"What sayeth the Gaiour?" interrupted the Pasha.

"That he is about to lay at your Highness's feet the wonderful events of his life, and trusts that his face will be whitened before he quits your sublime presence. Frank, you may proceed."

"To lie till I'm black in the face—well, since you wish it; but old chap my name ain't

Frank. It is Billy; howsomever, it warn't a bad guess for a Turk; and now I'm here I'd just like to ax you a question. We had a bit of a bargument the other day, when I was in a frigate up the Dardanelles as to what your religion might be. Jack Scames said that you warn't Christians, but that if you were you could only be Catholics; but I don't know how he could know any thing about it, seeing that he had not been more than seven weeks on board of a man-of-war. What may you be—if I may be so bold as to ax the question?"

"What does he say?" inquired the Pasha, impatiently.

"He says," interrupted Mustapha, "that he was not so fortunate as to be born in the country of the true believers, but in an island full of fog and mist, where the sun never shines, and the cold is so intense, that the water from heaven is hard and cold as flint."

"That accounts for their not drinking it. Mashallah, God is great! Let him proceed."

"The Pasha desires me to say, that our religion is, that there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet, and begs that you will go on with your story."

"Never heard of the chap—Never mind—here's saw wood."

I was born at Shields, and bred to the sea, served my time out of that port, and got a birth on board a small vessel fitted out from Liverpool for the slave trade. We made the coast unstowed our beds, spirits and gunpowder, and very soon had a cargo on board; but the day after we sailed for the Havana the dysentery broke out among the niggers—no wonder, seeing how they were stowed, poor devils, head and tail, like pilchards in a cask. We opened the hatches and brought part of them on deck, but it was of no use, they died like rotten sheep, and were tossed overboard about thirty a day. Many others who were alive jumped overboard and we were followed by a shoal of sharks, splashing, and darting, and tearing the bodies, yet warm, and revelling in the hot and bloody water. At last they were all gone, and we turned back to the coast to get a fresh supply. We were within a day's sail of the land, when we saw two boats on our weather bow; they made signals to us, and we found them to be full of men; we hoisted to, and took them on board, and then it was the we discovered that they had belonged to a French schooner in the same trade, which had started a plank, and had gone down like a shot, with all the niggers in the hold.

"Now give the old gentleman the small change of that, while I just whittle,"

Mustapha having interpreted, and the sailor having taken a swig at the bottle, he proceeded: "We didn't much like having these French beggars on board, and it wasn't without reason for they were as many as we were. The very first night, they were overheard by a negro who belonged to us, and had learnt French, making a plan for overpowering us, and taking possession of the vessel; so when we heard that, their doom was sealed. We gathered 'em on deck, put the hatches over some, seized those on deck, and—in half an hour they all walked a plank."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mustapha.

"That's 'cause you're a lubber of a landsman. The long and short of walking a plank is just this. We passed a wide plank over the gunnel, greased it well at the upper end, led the Frenchmen up to it blindfolded, and wished them 'bon voyage' in their own lingo, just out of politeness. They walked on till they toppled into the sea, and the sharks did not refuse them, though they prefer a nigger to anything else."

"What does he say, Mustapha?" interrupted the Pasha. Mustapha interpreted.

"Good! I should like to have seen that, replied the Pasha.

Well, as soon as we were rid of the Frenchmen, we made our port, and soon had another cargo on board, and after a good run, got safe to the Havana, where we sold our slaves; put I didn't much like the service, so I cut the schooner, and sailed home in summer, and got back safe to England. There I fell in with Betsy, and as she proved a regular out and outer, I took her in tow; and a famous wedding we had of it, as long as the rhino lasted, but that wasn't long the more's the pity; so I went to sea for more. When I came back after my trip, I found that Betsy hadn't behaved quite so well as she might have done, so I cut my stick, and went away from her altogether.

"Why didn't you put her in a sack?" inquired the Pasha, when Mustapha explained.

"Put her head in a bag—no, she wasn't so ugly as all that," replied the sailor. "Howsomever, to coil away—"

I joined a privateer brig, and after three cruises I had plenty of money, and determined to have another spell on shore, that I might get rid of it. Then I picked up Sue, and spliced again; but Lord bless your heart, she turned out a regular built tartar—nothing but fight, scratch scratch, all day long, till I wished her at old Scratch. I was tired of her, and she had taken a fancy to another chap; so I says she one day, 'As we both be of the same mind, why don't you sell me, and then we may part in a respectable manner.' I agrees, and I puts a halter round her neck, and leads her to the market-place, the chap following to buy her."

"Who bids for this woman?" says I.

"I do," says he.

"What will you give?"

"Half a crown, says he.

"Will you throw a glass of grog into the bargain?"

"Yes," says he.

"Then she's yours; and I wish you much joy of your bargain." So I hands the rope to him, and he leads her off.

"How much do you say he sold his wife for?" said the Pasha to Mustapha, when this part of the story was repeated to him.

"A piastre, and a drink of the fire water," replied the vizier.

"Ask him if she was handsome?" said the Pasha.

"Handsome," replied the sailor to Mustapha's inquiry; "yes, she was as pretty a craft to look at as you may set your eyes upon; fine round counter—clean run—swelling boys—good figure head, and hair enough for a mermaid."

"What does he say?" inquired the Pasha.

"The Frank declareth that her eyes were bright as those of the gazelle—that her eyebrows were as one—her waist as that of the cyprus—her face as the full moon, and that she was fat as the hours that await the true believers."

"Mashallah! all for a piastre. Ask him, Mustapha, if there are more wives to be sold in that country?"

"More," replied the sailor in reply to Mustapha; "you may have a ship full in an hour. There's many a fellow in England who would give a handful of clink to get rid of his wife."

"We will make further inquiry?" Mustapha; it must be looked to. Say I not well?"

"It is well said," replied Mustapha. "My heart is burnt as roast meat at the recollection of the women of the country; who are, indeed, as he has described, hours to the sight. Proceed, Yaha Bibi, my friend and tell him—"

"Yaw Bibby! I told you my name was Bill, not Bibby; and I never yaws from my course, although I heaves to sometimes, as I do now, to take in provisions." The sailor took another swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued:—"Now for a good lie."

I sailed in a brig for the Brazils, and a gale came on, that I never seed the like of. We were obliged to have three men stationed to hold the captain's hair on his head, and a little boy was blown over the moon, and slid down by two or three of her beams till he caught the mainmast, and never hurt himself.

"Good," said Mustapha, who interpreted, "By the beard of the prophet, wonderful!"

exclaimed the Pasha.

Well, the gale lasted for a week, and at last one night, when I was at the helm, we dashed on the rock of a de date island. I was pitched right over the mountains and fell into the sea on the other side of the island. I swam on shore, and got into a cave, where I fell fast asleep. The next morning I found there was nothing to eat except rats, and they were plentiful; but they were so quick, that I could not catch them. I walked about, and at last discovered a great many rats together; they were at a spring of water, the only one, as I afterwards found, on the island. Rats can't do without water, and I thought I should have them there. I filled up the spring, all but a hole which I sat upon the top of. When the rats came again, I filled my mouth with water, and held it wide open; they ran up to drink, and I caught their heads in my teeth, and thus I took as many as I wished.

"Aferin—excellent!" cried the Pasha, as soon as this was explained.

Well, at last a vessel took me off, and I wasn't sorry for it, for raw rats are not very good eating. I went home again, and I hadn't been on shore more than two hours, when who should I see but my first wife, Bet, with a robin-redbreast in tow. "That's he!" says she, "gave fight, but was nabbed and put into limbo, to be tried for what they call bigger, or having a wife too much."

"How does he mean?" desire him to explain," said the Pasha, after Mustapha had conveyed the intelligence. Mustapha obeyed.

"In our country one wife is considered a man's allowance; and he is not to take more, than every Jack may have his Jill. I had spliced two, so they tried me, and sent me to Botany Bay for life."

This explanation puzzled the Pasha. "How—what sort of a country must it be; when a man cannot have two wives? Inshallah! please the Lord, we may have hundreds in our harem! Does he not laugh at our beards with lies? Is this not all bosh, nothing?"

"It is even so, as the Frank speaketh," replied Mustapha. "The king of the country can take but one wife. Be chesim—on my eyes be it, if this is not the truth."

"Well," rejoined the Pasha, "what are they but infidels? They deserve to have no more. Hours are for the faithful. May their father's graves be defiled? Let the Gaiour proceed."

Well, I was started for the other side of the water, and got there safe enough, as I hope one day to get to heaven, wind and weather permitting; but I had no idea of working with out pay, so one fine morning I slipped away into the woods, where I remained with three or

four more for six months. We lived upon kangaroos, and an other odd little animal, and got on pretty well.

"What may a dish of kangaroos be composed of?" inquired Mustapha, in obedience to the Pasha.

"Posed of! why a dish of kangaroos be made of kangaroos to be sure."

But I'll be distill if I talked about anything but the animal, which we had some trouble to kill; for it stands on its big tail, and fights with all four feet. Moreover, it be otherwise a strange beast; for its young ones pop out of its stomach, and then pop in again, having a place there on purpose, just like the great hole in the bow of a timber ship; and as for the other little animal, it swims in the ponds, lays eggs and has a duck's bill, yet still be covered all over with hair like a bear."

The Vizier interrupted. "By the prophet, but he laughs at our hearths?" exclaimed the Pasha angrily. "These are foolish lies."

"You must not tell the Pasha such foolish lies. He will be angry," said Mustapha. "Tell lies, but they must be good lies."

"Well, I'll be—," replied the vizier, "if the old beggar don't, doubt the only part which is true out of the whole yarn. Well, I will try another good un to please him."

After I had been there about six months I was tired, and as there was only twenty thousand miles between that country and my own, I determined to swim back.

"Mashallah! swim back—how many thousand miles!" exclaimed Mustapha.

"Only twenty thousand—a mere nothing."

So one fine morning I throws a young Kangaroo on my shoulder, and off I starts. I swam for three months night and day, and then feeling a little tired, I laid to on my back, and then I set off again; by this time I was so covered with barnacles, that I made but little way. So I stopped at Ascension, scraped and cleaned myself, and then, after feeding for a week on turtle, just to keep the scurvy out of my bones, I set off again; and as I passed the Gut I thought I might just as well put in here; and here I arrived, sure enough, yesterday about three bells in the morning, watch, after a voyage of five months and three days.

When Mustapha translated all this to the Pasha, the latter was lost in astonishment. "Allah Caba! God is every where! Did you ever hear of such a swimmer? Twenty thousand miles—five months and three days? It is a wonderful story! Let his mouth be filled with gold."

Mustapha intimated to the sailor the unexpected compliment about to be conferred on him, just as he had finished the bottle and rolled it away one side.

"Well, that be a rum way of paying a man. I have heard it said that a fellow pursued up his mouth; but I never afore heard of a mouth being a purse. Howsomever, all's one for that—only d'y'e see, if you are about to stow it away in bulk, it may be just as well to get rid of the damage." The sailor put his thumb and fore finger into the cheek, and pulled out his enormous quid of tobacco. "There now, I'm ready, and don't be afraid of choking me." One of the attendants then thrust several pieces of gold into the sailor's mouth, who, spitting them all out into his hat, jumped on his legs, made a jerk of his head with a kick of the leg behind to the Pasha; and declaring that he was the funniest old beggar he had ever fallen in with, nodded to Mustapha, and hastened out of the Divan.

"Mashallah! but he swims well," said the Pasha, breaking up the audience.

ANECDOTE.

A corpulent physician somewhere in New Hampshire, whose gastric bump exceeded in bulk all his phrenological bumps together, and whose character for veracity was no better than that of a tavern one sultry morning in August, and swaggering up to the bar, was accosted by the landlord with the usual salutation of "Good morning, doctor—what's the news to-day?"

"Hot weather—very hot indeed," replied the doctor, wiping the sweat from his brow with his handanna.

"I should think, said the landlord, "you had been exercising—you sweat profusely."

"Sweat—yes, I sweat like a negro under oath—my son harnessed the horse, and I have visited sixteen patients this morning; and sir, I'll take a glass of your best wine."

A decanter was placed before him, and he engulfed a tumbler of its contents filled to the brim, and handed the landlord a York shilling, and was about departing, when he was requested to return and take his change.

"Why, sir, I thought ninepence a glass was your price for wine," said the M. D.

"It is sir," replied the host, "when we retail it, but when we sell by wholesale we charge only six and a quarter cents a pint, and that makes four-pence ha'penny your due."

Lowell Jour.

Judge Duval, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the U. States, has determined to resign his office, and will not take his seat upon the bench again. He was Secretary of the First committee of safety, in Maryland,

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PARIS, NOVEMBER 11, 1834.

The election in New-York, took place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week. We shall probably have some accounts from there before our paper goes to press, but not sufficient to judge of the probable result. In Massachusetts the election took place yesterday. We believe that the federalists will find that they have gained nothing even in their strong hold. Last year no choice of Governor was made by the people. Strong exertions have since been made by the Bank party to purchase a coalition with the anti-masons. It is stated that Ex-President Adams, the anti-masonic candidate for Governor last year, has recommended to his party to support the federal ticket. Should they do so, the principles and men of the Hartford Convention stamp will undoubtedly triumph there. Still we believe there is a heaven of democracy among the people there which will yet level the whole State.

The opposition finding how ineffectual are all their attempts upon the President, and that the people will defend and support him so long as he continues to be the champion of their rights, and the fearless opponent of the designs of the aristocracy, are venting their spleen and abuse upon Mr. Van Buren. At present, he appears to be the great object of their alarm and hatred. If he does not attain the Presidency it will not be for want of their assistance. We have heard the enquiry made more than a hundred times, what has Van Buren done to deserve these attacks and this abuse? Of what do the opposition accuse him? What are the charges brought against him? So far as we can learn, his offence consists in being a democrat, possessed of great talents and popularity, and at present the most prominent among the probable democratic candidates for the next Presidency. And so one of the requisites for obtaining that office appears to be the advocate should receive a certain quantity of federal abuse, the opposition seem determined to mark him out for that station. They are rather at a loss for specific charges, but this is no obstacle to the career of their abuse. He is a "magician," they say, "an intriguing, sly politician." Still the question is, what evil has he done? "Oh, he is too cunning to do anything wrong, or at least, to afford us the means of proving anything against him, but we suspect him to be at the bottom of everything we have found fault with for years past." This is in fact the sum and substance of the charges against the Vice-President which we have seen—being a democrat and therefore in favor of the measures and policy of the administration. If this be a crime it is one which he shares with the great body of the people of these United States, and one for which they will not be disposed to exact any severe penalty. We firmly believe that he would never have been Vice President had it not been for the short sighted malice of those who feared him as a rival candidate for the Presidency, and rejected his nomination as minister to Great Britain. A continuation of these same malignant attacks may raise him to the Presidency. We saw an assertion in a federal paper the other day that Gen. Jackson was lied into the Presidency, if that were the fact, the Bank party seem disposed to try the same experiment with Van Buren. When the people find a man whose only crime is that of being a democrat persecuted with incessant abuse and calumny by the federal party, they are very apt to make his cause their own, and to show their contempt of federal falsehood by electing to office the man whom their opponents have thus causelessly attacked, if he possess the requisite talents and qualifications. No greater favor can be shown to Van Buren by the federalists than by thus keeping up their clamor against him. It cannot injure him, but may benefit him if he is ambitious of the first office in the gift of the people.

The Bank orators and prophets during the last session of Congress predicted in a threatening tone that if Congress adjourned without restoring the deposits, we should witness such a season during the recess as we had never seen before. The deposits have not been restored and the prediction has been verified, but not in the manner in which they meant that it should be understood. The season has been such as we have seldom, if ever witnessed before—unequalled in the prosperity with which our whole country has been blessed. The Bank panic has long since passed away, when the fuel supplied by the Bank orators in Congress was removed. The early and later harvest has been unusually abundant, and what is uncommon, the prices are good. Thus the efforts of a band of ambitious politicians, combined with a great moneyed monopoly, have been foiled by the virtue and energy of the people. The victory has been a most important and glorious one. It is the triumph of virtue and principle over corruption and reckless ambition—of the people and their cause over the machinations of intriguing politicians. There never has been a contest more emphatically one of principle than that which we have lately witnessed and are still witnessing. The principles of freedom and self-government have been opposed by the lovers of aristocracy and those who distrust the virtue and intelligence of the people. The "huge paw" of the farmers and mechanics have prevailed over the combined forces of aristocracy and wealth. The cause of freedom has triumphed.

From the Pennsylvania. **Pointdexter of Mississippi.** The late letter of this "distinguished worthy" in relation to the President of the United States, is traveling the rounds of the opposition press; and is republished with much apparent pleasure; and act certainly replete with cruelty to the Mississippi Senator, whose political fortunes, tottering to their fall, only needed "such a letter" to prostrate them completely. Mr. Pointdexter is, and the whole nation feels shame at the acknowledgment, President protegee, of the United States Senate, a body once the most august in the world, and if his partisans wished to veil his follies and infirmities, they should have prevented him from making so disgraceful an exposure of himself. But the deed is done, and it is worth at least a passing notice.

On the authority of some anonymous scribbler, the President of the Senate, with a fury more ridiculous than provoking, and immeasurably more ruinous to himself than annoying to any one else, if it were not for the disgrace which will attach to the country from such conduct, in one of its conspicuous functions, has appeared in the public prints, showering all the worn out slang of party hacks upon the venerable head of the President of the United States; and finishes his tirade with the tone and air of a tavern bully, by doubting the courage of Andrew Jackson, and challenge-

ing him to step from the Presidential Chair, to fight him, George Pointdexter, the broken down Senator of Mississippi, and a distinguished leader of the Bank party!

Such is the amount of the Pointdexter letter, so greedily copied by Mr. Walsh, and others, his political friends. It is embellished with many choice flowers, which, we presume, gave those gentlemen much pleasure. The president is termed an infamous libeller, an alouse slandering, a base liar, &c with other phrases of similar import, very characteristic of Pointdexter, but more becoming to the lowest ruffian that haunts the streets of overgrown cities, than to the President of the United States Senate, from whom it is scarcely unreasonable to expect a little decency.

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No body came into the house that morning before she drank the wine, and I believe not, before I discovered the powder on the milk.—Mary Milliken was the first that came in after she drank the wine. I got the pitcher and poured the milk into it, a little girl by the name of Hutchinson (either Melitabie or Vienna, I think the former) brought it in. From the table, (10 or 15 minutes) no other person came in but Prisoner, to my knowledge. I was in a situation to know if any body did come in. I took the pitcher from the mantelpiece, and looked into it to see if there was any dust in it; saw no powder. After I did see the powder, I stirred it and brought some up on the spoon from the bottom. I put the milk into the cups I think after the deceased drank the wine.

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It was what did not concern her. This was the week before her death.

The case was opened by Frederick Allen, Esq. in defence of the prisoner, and several witnesses introduced, the purport of whose testimony seemed to be that the deceased had long been in delicate health, had taken much medicine, &c.—and one witness, a sister of the prisoner, testified that the deceased had remarked that "when she went, she should go like the snuff of her candle." The examination of witnesses closed about six o'clock on Friday evening, when the Counsel for the Prisoner followed in defence, occupying the time until one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Attorney General, Clifford concluded his argument on the part of the Government at about half past six, when the case was submitted to the Jury. On Monday morning, the Jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*. Below is the sentence pronounced by Judge Weston.

SENTENCE.

JOSEPH J. SAGER.
After a full and impartial trial, defended by able counsel, assigned at your request, a jury of your own selection have pronounced you guilty of the murder of Phebe Sager your wife. It was not perpetrated in an unguarded moment under the influence of excited feelings. The means resorted to are evidence of a deliberate and settled purpose of heart.

She had recovered from recent sickness, and had resumed her usual avocations. And there is reason to believe that you had violated your marriage vows, and that you witnessed with pain every indication in her of returning health. In the morning, you left the side of your unsuspecting victim, bent upon her destruction. It was holy time. A day consecrated by God to his more immediate service. You mingled for her the poison, you had long prepared. You presented the deadly potion to her lips; and you urged her to drink it to the dregs. You sweated the fatal cup to render it palatable; and you allured her to accept it in terms of conjugal endearment and kindness. This life, which she has received from God, and which no other being had a right to take away; that life, which you had solemnly promised to cherish, you wantonly and wickedly destroyed. You allowed her no time for preparation. The potion you administered, speedily did its office. You guarded against possible failure, by infusing elsewhere the poisonous ingredients, of which she was expected to partake. "And if you did not intend that another victim should perish at your hands, you were at least reckless and indifferent as to her fate."

After suffering excruciating agonies, your murdered wife in a few hours, entered the unseen world. Her destiny is sealed. Her day of probation is ended. And is there mercy for you who showed no mercy? I dare not encourage you to hope that your earthly power will interfere for your relief. The claims of human justice must be satisfied. The land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it. But upon sincere and unfeigned repentance, there is mercy, even for the chief of sinners, through Jesus Christ. Will awakened conscience do its office before it is too late? Will your hard heart be softened? Will the tears of penitence flow? God knows. It greatly behoves you to be sensible of your guilt. Look back upon your past life. Call to remembrance the long catalogue of unrepented sins. It may awaken you to a sense of your condition. It may bring you to true repentance. Jesus Christ has power to forgive sins. If with deep humiliation you seek forgiveness through him, there is yet hope for you. The fountain of his blood is sufficient to cleanse from sin, though it be of a scarlet color and of a crimson dye.

I conjure you, let the span of life, that is yet left to you, be devoted to preparation for another world; upon the verge of which you stand. It remains to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is—
That you be returned to the place from whence you came; that you be thence carried to the place of execution; and that you be there hanged by the neck, until you are dead; and may God Almighty have mercy upon your soul.

The Trial of Sager. We had intended to give our readers a sketch of the arguments of Counsel at this trial. But we have not notes sufficiently copious to do the gentlemen justice; and, besides, we understand that Asa Redington, Jr. of this town is about publishing a full and accurate report of the trial, of which the public can avail itself. Mr. Allen was short in his argument, but presented his points to the Jury with much force and ingenuity. Mr. Sprague argued long, and spoke eloquently. His appeal to the Jury in behalf of the Prisoner was peculiarly touching. Mr. Clifford, in closing the case for the Government, did himself much honor, and the important office which he holds full justice. He presented the case in a very strong light to the Jury, and not a single fact in the evidence, or a single point or cavil in the arguments of the Prisoner's Counsel, escaped notice or reply. As he followed Mr. Sprague in replying to his argument, he did not present the facts so well arranged, as he would otherwise have done. But his argument, as a whole, was able and convincing, meeting every point in the case, and bringing the whole weight of the testimony to bear against the Prisoner. We more readily do justice to Mr. Clifford in this matter, because a certain paper with the petty malignity which uniformly governs its course towards political opponents has taken this occasion to sneer at his argument to

the Jury, as though it had not come up to the expectations of the public and the emergency of the case. The sneer needs no reply to those who heard Mr. C's argument, but those who were not present, should understand that it has its foundation wholly in feelings of political malignity—feelings which paper carries into every relation of life, and every combination of circumstances.

The Age.

From the Troy Budget.

A FEW QUESTIONS TO FARMERS.

Who was it last spring that attempted to run down the price of wheat and corn? Was it not the Bank men, who now call themselves whigs?

Who foretold the breaking of the Safety Fund Banks? Was it not the Bank newspapers?

When the Bank merchants run down the price of wheat and corn and rye, did they reduce the price of their tea and coffee and sugar?

How did it happen that the scarcity of money reduced the value of every thing in the hands of the farmer, while it did not reduce the property of the merchant?

Who reduced the price of wool, and predicted that there would be no sale or no demand for it? Was it not the Bank, panic wigs? Where are now the distress prophets and the panic orators? Where are the preachers of bankruptcy and ruin? Where are the Bank wigs who stood in the market places to annoy the Bank was rechartered and the deposits restored?—Where are the coalition emissaries who foretold famine and starvation to the mechanic unless he would renounce his adherence to democracy? And where the itinerant Bank missionaries who went about from tavern to tavern declaiming against the removal of the deposits, declaring that the merchants were on the brink of bankruptcy, that the state Banks were unsound and unsafe, and foretelling a season of dreadful scarcity of money and prostration of business?

We repeat the enquiry, where are now these soothsayers and dreamers! They are gone to the shades of silence; their voices are no more heard among us. With the adjournment of Congress, when, Ewing ceased to fabricate falsehoods, and Webster and the Kentucky desperado had wound up their wailings and false predictions, in the Bank service, the local prophets abandoned their vocation. From that time things have gradually assumed their wonted attitude. The mechanic finds employment and receives payment; so does the laborer. The merchant admits that his business is flourishing. Money is plenty to those who have any thing to buy with. The time of the singing of birds, and the time of the budding and opening of flowers, and the early and later harvest came as they were wont before the removal of the deposits, and heaven has been propitious, and all mankind, save the advocates of the Bank, have been "joyful and glad."

Who is there who desires to witness the re-creation of the scenes of last winter and spring? Who desires to see our merchants again become political zealots and Bank attorneys? Who wishes to feel again the "Screws" of the marble palace? There are none, we trust. Yet there are many who uphold the authors of all these calamities; who will support the Bank and its candidates; who will aid by their vote to place men in power who will lend their services to the designs of Emperor Biddle, and smile to see our country ruined, and by its desolation the monopoly can triumph. Let such people be remembered.

Poulson's paper of Thursday talks of putting down Jacksonism. What does this mean?—The term of Gen. Jackson's service does not expire till the 4th of March 1837, when he will retire full of honor, and entitled to the gratitude of posterity. Is it meant that he is to be put down before his term is completed? No! it is only figure heads that federalism ventures to put down. There is no blood shed yet, says Mr. Binney, the representative of Quaker Philadelphia. Jacksonism must be put down, says Poulson, who for forty years has been the servile echo of every man hostile to liberal principles!

This putting down is but a repetition of the old story of 1798. It is not Jackson that is personally meant, it is Democracy, and the Constitution, personified and slandered in him as they were personified and slandered in Jefferson thirty years ago, and as every man who holds the same opinion will be slandered—though they cannot be put down.—[Aurora.]

Mrs. Mumblechumps, who lived in the parlors of Bungtown, was a very good and pious old lady; but she could not see far into things. For instance, though she conceived the rain to be a very clever thing in the way of bringing forward her cabbages and turnips, she could not possibly see why a drop of it should fall into her pig trough. The old woman prided herself on keeping a famous fat pig. But as she had no roof to her sty, every time there came a shower, the pig trough would get full of water, which very much vexed the amiable Mrs. Mumblechumps, for it cost her a great deal of trouble to sweep it out again. Well, so it happened that the parson to whose church she belonged, was passing by one morning after a smart shower, when the old lady's pig's trough, as usual, upon the like occasions, was full of water. Mrs. Mumblechumps was out of the trough as fast as she could; and not noticing the parson, mumbled to herself all the while—"Rain, rain, rain, all the time; nothing but rain. Everlastingly filling my pig trough

with water—keeping me sweep, sweep, sweep, every whipsitch—more plague than this thing as rain; that's what I do!" "Good morning Mrs. Mumblechumps," said the parson, who had refrained from speaking until she had fulminated her private sentiments respecting the man's voice; but presently recollecting herself, she made a low courtesy, expressed her pleasure on seeing the minister, and then casting her eyes up to heaven, she exclaimed, "Seems if the blessing of God is on air this morning—such a fine rain—and all for poor sinful critters like me, that—"

"That were just now wishing there never was any such thing as us all our sins!" exclaimed the good woman; "I didn't know any body heard what I said. Twixt you and me, I've no objection in the world to the rain, if 't would n't fall in my pig trough."—N. Y. Transcript.

Important to Working Men. We find in the Connecticut Courant a notice of the following case which was tried at the recent session of the County Court at Hartford:—

"Thompsonville Carpet Manufacturing Company vs. W. Taylor and others. This was a suit against the defendants for conspiring to raise the price of wages, and hindering other weavers from going into the employ of the plaintiffs, and had a strike in July 1833. The grand point in case was, whether the peaceably refusing to work for less than a named sum, constituted a ground of civil action on the part of the employer. On this point the Court charged the Jury in the negative. The case was much labored, and consumed a week in trying it. Verdict for defendants."

GAMING. At a late term of the Circuit Court, in Fayette county, Kentucky, the Grand Jury were changed by the Judge, to enforce the laws on the subject of gaming. They proceeded to summon witnesses before them, one of whom was the Mayor of Lexington. The Judge subsequently intimated to the Grand Jury, that prosecution of the inquiry rested on their discretion, and was not obligatory, upon which the Jury resolved that they could not effectually prosecute their inquiries, if, as they understood the court to intimate, witnesses were not to be compelled to give testimony before them. The Judge explained, and the witnesses who were summoned, refused to answer, were fined and imprisoned for a contempt of Court. The Grand Jury subsequently presented a communication to the Court, charging it with delinquency in the discharge of its duty. This was alleged by the Judge to be a contempt, and seven of the Grand Jurors, who refused to declare on oath that they had no intention to censure the Court, were fined \$40 each, and imprisoned for the space of twenty-four hours.

"Tom, why is this copper like a strong smell of onions?"
"In faith, Dick, I can't say."
"Why is it like up-hill."
"Up-hill? why, really now, I don't think I know."
"Well, why is it like a bundle you've just received?"
"Bundle! just received!—I can't see, Dick, why it is."
"D'ye give it up?"
"Yes."
"Yes, you say; well, why is it like 'yes'?"
"Oh dear! I can't tell, Dick—why is it?"
"Because, you numskull, it's a cent!"—(a scent—ascend—as scent—ascend.)

Question in Arithmetic. A London paper says, there is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a plough share, weighing about twenty-four pounds. How many men (it asks) will it be necessary to slaughter, to make a rail road from Liverpool to London.

Difference in Ploughs. A remarkable instance of the beneficial influence of agricultural exhibitions occurs to me. It is related that in a certain district in England the farmers were in the habit of using six horses to a plough. Upon the institution of ploughing matches it was discovered that the same work could be done with two. In consequence, the old ploughs were soon laid aside—the new ones adopted, and the labor of four horses out of six dispensed with. I have seen an account of some experiments made a few years ago under the direction of the Secretary of War, to ascertain the comparative force required to work different ploughs. The ploughs tried were all of approved kinds. But there was found to be a difference of nearly fifty per cent. That is, it would take nearly half more power to do the same work with some, than it would with others.—H. Warren's Address, Maine.

MARRIED.

In Norway, by Rev. J. Haynes, MR. THOMAS POOL to MISS MARTHA A. MILLET, both of Norway.

In Salem, Mass. Mr. George W. Nichols, Printer, of Thomaston, to Miss Susan G. Treadwell.

In Readfield, Mr. Philander Morton to Miss Diana Lombard.

In Milburn, Mr. Wentworth Shorey, of Athens, to Miss Eliza Leavitt.

In Gardiner, Mr. John Palmer, to Miss Martha A. Handy of Hallowell.

In Portland, Mr. John O. Bartlett to Miss Rebecca Adams.

In Boothbay, Mr. George W. Winslow of Brunswick, to Mrs. Elizabeth Wylie, of B.

DIED.

In Industry, Mr. Caleb Follet, aged 26; son of Mr. Benjamin Follet.
In Bloomfield, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, aged 84 years.
In Greene, Aug 9th, Mr. Samuel Lane, 48—on the 12th, his son, Daniel Lane, 15—20th, his wife, Sarah Lane, 50

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GLOBE.

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.

THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, which we commenced publishing at the last Session of Congress, will be continued through the approaching one. It will be published in the same form, and at the same price; in quarto form, at ONE DOLLAR per copy during the session. When an important subject is discussed, we propose to print an Extra sheet. Subscribers may calculate on at least three or four extra sheets. At the close of the session, an Index will be made for the last 20 sessions, and sent to all subscribers. We shall pay to the reporters, for preparing the one hundred dollars a week, during the session. In papers printed during the session, we may boast of affording the most important information at the cheapest price. Editors with whom we exchange, will please give this Prospectus a gratuitous insertion; and those friends to whom we may send it, will please procure subscribers.

1 copy during the session, \$1.00
11 copies during the session, \$10.00
Payment may be made by mail, postage paid, at our risk. The notes of any specie-paying Bank will be received.
No attention will be paid to any order, unless the money accompany it.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twenty-seventh day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Elisha Pettin-gill, in Livermore, all the right in equity of redemption which Owen Adams has to the farm on which he now lives in Livermore, and which he had on the 27th day of June last when the same was attached upon the original writ.—Said farm consists of about one hundred acres, and is situated on the east side of the river near Moose-hill, and mortgaged to Elisha Pettin-gill, for about two hundred dollars.
LEE STRICKLAND, Deft. Shff.
Livermore, Oct. 27, 1834. 4w13

Public Attention

DR. RELFE'S

Botanical Drops!

are every year increasing their long-established reputation. They have outlived many rival preparations, and are continually gaining upon public confidence.

They have been successfully administered for many years, as a remedy for—
Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Scurvy, Foul and Obsolete Ulcers, Sore Legs and Eyes, Scald Head, and Venereal Taint;—and are also successfully used in cases of violent eruptions after the Measles, Red Bloches, Pimples on the Face, Festering Eruptions on the Skin, and other diseases of the external surface, and are one of the best Spring and Autumn Physic known, to free the system from humors.

A Physician of eminence, who had witnessed the efficacy of this article, had the candor recently to acknowledge to the Proprietor, that he considered it the best medicine known, for the complaints for which it is intended, and that it ought deservedly to stand at the head of the whole class of such remedies.
Price \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

Teeth! Gums!

THOSE who would retain or restore these desirable personal advantages, are assured that no composition can be obtained superior to the

BRITISH ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE, which is exempt from acid and other deleterious ingredients, which too frequently enter the composition of tooth powders in common use, and it whitens the enamel of the teeth, without doing it the least injury. Its application also braces and strengthens the Gums, secures to them their healthy and florid hue, and, by removing all discolorations and offensive foreign accumulations from the teeth, preserves the natural sweetness of the breath.

Price 50 cents.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Connelley. For sale, with the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston;—and, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. 3 [No. 1.] 65ply.

MERINOS & CIRCASSIANS.

HIS day received from Boston, a large supply of MERINOS, CIRCASSIANS, CALICOES, SILK, BROSSES, SILKS, BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CLOTHS, & PETERSHAMS.

Together with a general assortment of articles usually found in Country Stores, all of which will be sold at lowest prices for Cash, produce, or approved credit. MOSES HAMMOND, Paris, Oct. 13, 1834.

J. H. WARDWELL

HAS just received
DUFFELS or LION'S SKIN, for men's over coats.
ALSO—An additional supply of BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, Faddings, Canvas, Linings, and real French Sewing Silk, &c.
A few BUFFALO SKINS, FUR CAPS & GLOVES
Also—Sheet Iron, and a quantity of Wilson & Hawkesworth's CAST STEEL.
Rumford, November 3, 1834. 6 w 12

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.

Proprietors are requested to call and examine for them, the following list of names, which have been forwarded to them by the subscribers to the CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, for the purpose of inserting their names in the Index to be published at the close of the session. The names of subscribers who have not yet sent in their names, will be inserted in the Index, but not in the prospectus. The names of subscribers who have sent in their names, will be inserted in the prospectus, and in the Index. The names of subscribers who have sent in their names, will be inserted in the prospectus, and in the Index. The names of subscribers who have sent in their names, will be inserted in the prospectus, and in the Index.

Broadcloths.

To Mr. Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Grey, and White.

Merinos, Cassimeres, Faddings, Canvas, Linings, and real French Sewing Silk, &c.

Also—Sheet Iron, and a quantity of Wilson & Hawkesworth's CAST STEEL.

Rumford, November 3, 1834. 6 w 12

At Rumford Corner

JUST received—CIRCASSIANS, MERINOS, PLAIDS, BATTINGS, TIBET SHAWLS, &c.

DARK PRINTS entire new patterns, Black, Brown, Red & Purple Glazed Cambrics, Fine Linens, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Footings, Haddings, Batings, and SLICK GOODS.
Together with a variety of other New Goods suitable for the Season.
Also—Fine ground Redwood, Logwood & Camwood, Madder, Otter, Indigo, Blue Vitrol, &c.
WANTED—500 PAIRS Men's short Stockings, by J. H. WARDWELL, 6 w 12

Stray Horse.

THIS day delivered to the subscriber as pound keeper of East Livermore by Nathan Coswell, a light sorrel horse with which I have committed to pound as an estray.—Said horse having been taken up in the highway on the 15th instant, the owner of said horse is requested to pay what is legally and justly demandable for impounding the same, and all other legal charges and take said horse away.
LIVERMORE, October 24, 1834. 3 w 12

1000 Lambs

FELTS, wanted by A. ANDREWS & Co.

Paris August 2, 1834.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JOSEPH WALKER, late of Concord, in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to FRANK C. VINEY, Esq., of Rumford, my Attorney. FRANCIS N. FISK, Adm'r. Oct. 21, 1834. 3 w 12

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator de bonis non on the estate of

SUSANNAH WALKER, late of Concord in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to my Attorney, FRANK C. VINEY, Esq., of Rumford. FRANCIS N. FISK, Administrator. Oct. 21, 1834. 3 w 12

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a License from the Hon. Stephen Emory, Judge of Probate of the County of Oxford, there will be sold at the house of the deceased in said County, on Tuesday, the second day of December next, at one of the clock P. M. as much of the real estate of John Abbot late of said County, deceased, as will produce the sum of Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of Sale. Said real estate consists of the homestead Farm of said Abbot, situated in said County, and a new in the Congregational Meetinghouse at Rumford Point. JOHN ROLF, Administrator of said Estate. Rumford, Oct. 21, 1834. 3 w 11

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford to receive and examine claims of the several Creditors to the Estate of Henry Conledge, late of Watford in said County deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that a further time of three months from the 18th day of September last, is allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend that service at the office of C. W. Hamlin in said Watford, on Saturday the 23d day of November next at one o'clock in the afternoon.

LEANDER GAGE, AMERICA HAMLIN, Commissioners. Watford, Oct. 23, 1834.

ROAD NOTICE.

The Petitioners for, and all others interested in, the contemplated new road from Paris Hill to Stowell's Mills, are requested to meet at Norris' Hotel, on Thursday the 13th inst. at 9 o'clock, A. M. to explore the route—if that day be stormy, the next fair day.

JOB WORK.

Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE

PARIS, NOVEMBER 11, 1834.

The opposition finding how ineffectual are all their attempts upon the President, and that the people will defend and support him so long as he continues to be the champion of their rights, and the fearless opponent of the designs of the aristocracy, are venting their spleen and abuse upon Mr. Van Buren. At present, he appears to be the great object of their alarm and hatred. If he does not attain the Presidency it will not be for want of their assistance. We have heard the enquiry made more than a hundred times, what has Van Buren done to deserve these attacks and this abuse? Of what do the opposition accuse him? What are the charges brought against him? So far as we can learn, his offence consists in being a democrat, possessed of great talents and popularity, and at present the most prominent among the probable, democratic candidates for the next Presidency. As one of the requisites for obtaining that office appears to be the advocate should receive a certain quantity of federal abuse, the opposition seem determined to mark him out for that station. They are rather at a loss for specific charges, but this is no obstacle to the career of their abuse. He is a "magician," they say, "as intriguing, as polioctean" Still the question is, what evil has he done? "Oh, he is too cunning to do anything wrong, or at least, to afford us the means of saying anything against him, but we suspect him to be at the bottom of everything we have found fault with for years past!" This is in fact the sum and substance of the charges against the Vice-President which we have seen—He is a democrat and therefore in favor of the measures of the policy of the administration. If this be a crime is one in which he shares with the great body of the people of these United States, and one for which they will not be disposed to exact any severe penalty. We firmly believe that he would never have been Vice President had not been for the short sighted malice of those who feared him as a rival candidate for the Presidency, and rejected his nomination as minister to Great Britain. A continuation of these same malignant attacks may raise him to the Presidency. We saw an assertion in a federal paper the other day that Gen. Jackson was lied into the Presidency, if that were the fact, the Bank party was disposed to try the same experiment with Van Buren. When the President find a man whose only crime is that of being a democrat persecuted with incessant abuse and calumny by the federal party, they are very apt to make his cause their own, and to show their contempt for federal falsehood by electing to office the man whose opponents have thus carelessly attacked, if he possess the requisite talents and qualifications. No greater proof can be shown to Van Buren by the federalists than by thus keeping up their clamor against him. It cannot injure him, but may benefit him if he is ambitious of the first office in the gift of the people,

From the Pennsylvania. **Pointdeux of Mississippi.** The late let-
ter of this "distinguished worthy" in relation
to President of the United States, is travel-
ing the rounds of the opposition press; and is
published with much apparent pleasure—any-
one certainly replete with cruelty to the Missis-
sippi Senator, whose political fortunes, tottering
on their fair fall, only needed "such a letter" to
crush them completely. Mr. Pointdeux is, in
the whole nation feels shame at the ac-
knowledgment, President protem. of the United
States, a body once the most august in
the world, and if his partizans wished to veil
his crimes and infirmities, they should have
contented him from making so disgraceful an
use of himself. But the deed is done,
and is worth at least a passing notice.
The authority of some anonymous scrib-
bler, the President of the Senate, with a
ridiculous than provoking, and immeasur-
ably more ruinous to himself than annoying
to one else, if it were not for the disgrace
it will attach to the country from such
a feat, in one of its conspicuous functiona-
ries, appeared in the public prints, show-
ing the worn out slang of party hacks upon
the sacred head of the President of the
United States; and finishes his trade with the
scurrilous air of a tavern bully, by doubting
the courage of Andrew Jackson, and challeng-

Poindeexter insinuates broadly that Andrew Jackson is afraid of him! Poins is a dreadful fellow certainly; but when he arrived at the residence and saw the President sitting in the porch of the Hotel, Mississippi turned pale, and refused to leave the stage to break in, and, as he acknowledges, drove into the stable yard, where he remained alone, in a raw hour, for the purpose of refreshment! The president's fear of Poins was such as to keep him at a very respectful distance—he did not wish to alarm Andrew Jackson too severely.

*NOTE. Some idea may be formed of the character of the bully who is now dignified with the title of President of the U. S. Senate, in the fact that he was, several years since, *publicly cowhided* during the session of one of our courts in his own county, by a gentleman formerly of his town, now resident in Mississippi, *and had not the pluck to resent it!* How ridiculous for such a man to throw out insinuations against the courage of Andrew Jackson! "old Poms," like other cowards, is rather sensitive on the score of his *courage*. In fact, only reason why he went into opposition to administration, was because Gen. Jackson declined to certificate his *bravery!*

More of the Stiletto.—Yesterday afternoon, Kensington, a Jackson Democrat was attacked in the open street, by a Bank ruffian, wounded with a Spanish knife. The Bank ruffian was brandishing his weapon, and loudly declaring his intention to kill any Jackson man who came in his way. The individual attacked had given no offence, but was unfortunately known to the stabber, who rushed at him aiming a deadly blow with the knife. The weapon was knocked up, but entered the side of the one of the intended victim, inflicting a second wound. The Bankite was arrested and taken over for trial.—*Pennsylvanian*.

in the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer of last week.

FELLOW CITIZENS READ!

The Jackson Party prize their gold money bag, they ought to call it the Bank of Heaven, and they ought to make GOD ALMIGHTY President, JESUS CHRIST Cashier, and ANDREW JACKSON, First Tell-

The Hug Fraternal.—The Boston Commonwealth Gazette, (which has lately gone over to the side that deals in "fair business transactions with newspaper editors,) speaking of the Carolina election, says, "The whole *Whig* ticket has been

city of Charleston by about 112 major-
Every effort was made by the opposition
fect us.****—Mr. Pinkney was the
candidate for Congress, and Gen. Ham-
chosen to represent the Charleston dis-
the State Senate.¹¹

as it is that Boston federalists acknowl-
their connection with the Southern Nullifi-
openly rejoice in the defeat of the Uni-
jects in Charleston. "And yell they may;
objects are the same? Self-aggrandise-
and the prostration of the rights of the
are the ends they aim at.—They are
obsequious to the same sentiments which
ascribes to Satan—"Better to reign in
than serve in Heaven!"

in Charleston.—A Savannah paper on the authority of a letter from Charleston, says that an affray had taken place in that city between the Union party and the Nullifiers. According to this account, a number of the Union party had been invited to a house in which a number of the Nullifiers were assembled, who defended it with violence. Shots were exchanged on both sides, and six of the Nullifiers were wounded. The Union party immediately turned and rushed

"If our opponents get our MONEY, (said Mr. Webster in his dinner speech) THEY GET EVERY THING : and if they do *not* get this, they get NOTHING." Money then is 'every thing' with Mr. Webster, and no wonder he sold himself to the United States Bank.—*Boston Post.*

By William L. Marcy, Governor of the State
of New York.

For the purpose of rendering devout acknowledgements to the RULER of NATIONS, for the dispensation of His numerous favors vouchsafed to the people of this State, during the past season, I do hereby, in compliance with established usage, recommend *Thursday, the eleventh day of December* next, to be observed by them as a day of Public Thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have subscribed my
name, and affixed the privy seal of the
State, this 27th day of October, 1834.
W. L. MARCY.

The Governor of Ohio has appointed Saturday next the 8th inst., as the time of holding a new election in the first Congressional district in that State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon ROBERT LYTLE. The Democratic party have nominated Mr. Lytle for re election.

We copy from the Age an extract from its report of the trial of Sager. We have no room for the testimony of Dr. Nourse and Professor Cleveland, which had reference principally to *post mortem* examination had on the body of the deceased, the effect produced by arsenic &c. There were also several other witnesses introduced, whose testimony we are unable to publish. The most important witness was Miss Ann Rafter, whose evidence is given below.—*Saco Demo.*

OCTOBER TERM, 1834.

STATE vs. JOSEPH J. SAGER.
*the murder of PHEBE SAGER, his wife, by
poison, by white arsenic mingled in wine, on
the 5th day of October inst.*

The trial was holden in Rev. Mr. Tappan's meeting House in Augusta. A very large concourse of spectators was present during its continuance. The trial commenced on Thursday morning 23d inst, at ten o'clock, and we went to the Jury Saturday evening at dusk. The examination of the witnesses continued from Thursday morning until Friday evening at 6 o'clock. Mr. Allen for the Prisoner made his argument the same evening. Mr. Sprague, also for the Prisoner, commenced his argument on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, and continued until about half past 12 M. Mr. Clifford, Attorney General, appeared in behalf of the Government from about 1 o'clock, P. M. until about half past 6 o'clock. Parris occupied one hour in his charge of the Jury, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, brought in a verdict of *Guilty*. We understand that the Jury agreed upon their verdict about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning.—The arguments were made by the Counsel for the Prisoner, for a new trial, and also for an arrest of judgment, both of which were overruled by the Court without hearing an argument from the Counsel for the Government. Chief Justice Weston, then pronounced the sentence of death upon the Prisoner in a manner peculiarly impressive, and impressive, the substance of which we enabled to present to our readers in this paper.

From the time of rendering their verdict to the Jury, until he was removed by the Sheriff, the Prisoner manifested the most perfect composure, and exhibited no symptoms of distress, even when Judge Weston in his concluding language that he did, reminded him of the heinousness of his crime, and that he had no hope for no mercy from any earthly

first proceeding was the empanelling
The Prisoner challenged sixteen
torily. The following persons were
sworn and sworn, viz: Oliver Ben-
edict Aborn, Anson Barton, Levi Greely,
apham, James Maine, Benjamin F.
Sanford Pullen, William Perkins, A-
ood, John Woodcock, Cyrus Guild.]
es W. Bradbury, Esq. opened the case
Government, by stating the General
Government of Law applicable to the case, and
which the Government proposed to
plead. The principle peculiarly applicable
to the present case was the following: "The
Government malice, where one poisons another,
is a deliberate act."

William L. Jewett, examined. I was after the post mortem examination on between the coats of the stomach—dark blood—livid color. Was a patch of discoloration, where the discoloration was out where a substance would fall upon.

of erosion, but a very high degree of inflammation, approximating to erosion. There were found some grains of a white color. Most inflammation found where white grains were. Found incipient inflammation over the whole surface. Redder and more extensive inside—a high grade of inflammation—not such as would arise from disease, but from the introduction of a foreign substance, poisonous and irritating of a metallic kind. Such is my opinion. Some persons might live after such an inflammation. I think the inflammation caused the death in this case. Some foreign substance caused that inflammation. Appearances such as might be expected from poisoning by arsenic. I carried the contents of the stomach in a bottle to Brunswick, and delivered them to Professor Cleaveland. Were out of my possession twice. Immediately after bottling, went from chamber part way down stairs, and immediately returned, took the bottle, carried it to Brunswick, and left it again a moment while I went in from the road to inquire for Professor Cleaveland. Delivered the bottle to him. I was present at the analysis from Wednesday until Saturday. Was about three jills of the liquid. After long vomiting little arsenic would remain in the stomach. At the same time I delivered to Professor C. in another bottle, what Ann Rafter handed to me, said to have been vomited by the deceased.

Dr. Cross examined. The deceased said she had spells of being unwell; a week or ten days before her decease, said she was not very well; wanted me or some one else to prescribe for her—she was at the time, sitting in a milliner's shop. The powder, found in the stomach, was said on a paper—some little tests applied—the ammonized nitrate of silver, an usual test—was tried—it did not work; the paper was thrown out of the window. Dr. Mirick furnished that ammonia. He provided one of the bottles; the bottles well rinsed. Dr. Neal was the physician of the deceased. Dr. Neal handed me a white pitcher—contents remained with me until I placed in the hands of Prof. Cleveland. I saw the prisoner in his shop in April or May last. He said his old complaints were upon him; wished he could see old Dr. somebody (I do not now recollect the name). He took me a shelf in the shop what he called arsenic—then another paper of the same kind. I thought them both arsenic. Prisoner said he had had some time; didn't know whether it was good or wanted me to test it. I told him I would test it would be cheaper for him to buy. I put me of it on a hot shovel; did not get the metallic smell expected; but did get the white fumes. The shovel was somewhat oxidized, which would prevent reducing it so as to get the garlic smell. I put a little upon my tongue, which produced no taste; arsenic has no taste. It could not be *positive* a substance was arsenic in the eye, but I could judge with some probability by the eye and touch. I either threw papers away or gave them back to the prisoner; cannot say which.

"My Ann Kaffer. I have resided in the
 soner's family; the family consisted of Mr.
 Mrs. Sager and myself. On Saturday
 I slept at a neighbor's Sunday morning,
 at half past six, came home and got break-
 fast. Called Mrs. Sager. She came down-
 ing as smart as she had for some time—
 herself before the fire. Prisoner came
 said to Mrs. Sager, 'had not you better
 something?' She said, 'I don't care a-
 it.' He said, 'my love, you had better a-
 said, 'well if you are a mind to.' He
 and brought out a tumbler with an egg,
 it and beat it in; went back to the par-
 brought out a tumbler two thirds full of eg-
 wine, as I supposed—stirred it up—puss-
 into her hands—she took and drank it—
 took it—he said 'the sugar, the best part of
 is in the bottom'—he then stepped over
 parlor door—he said 'shan't I put in a
 more?'—she said, 'I do not need any
 ' he said, 'my love I guess you had bet-
 ter said, 'well.' He stepped into the
 brought out more in the same tumbler,
 did it up and passed it to her mouth: she
 it. He then went to the door, and rinsed
 the tumbler from the water-pail. She then
 why did you rinse the tumbler? what did
 it up in it? I never saw you rinse the tum-
 bler.' He made no answer. Soon,
 complained of feeling dreadfully all over.
 the table up to her; she placed her
 table as usual—he likewise. She com-
 of feeling dreadfully. I told her to
 and take breakfast; that she would feel
 She said 'no breakfast for me.' He
 piece of potatoe and butter; ate nothing
 was; got up and left the breakfast table.

the door blacking his shoes. I went
up the table—saw a white powder
top of the milk—showed it to Mrs. Sa-
dask asked her what it was. She said 'I
know, throw it away.' I said, 'I will
put it into the basin and give it to Sager's
and see how that will operate.' She said
'He was brushing his shoes within hear-
the door was open. I went down the

ned the milk into the basin. Sager said
ing is in the barn.' Mrs. Sager then at-
to vomit and I went back to her. I
found, and saw Sager carry the basin
barn. I asked him, when he came
he had given it to the dog. He said
Mrs. Sager said, 'you did not—
did,' she again said, 'you did not, the
in the barn.' She went to the barn to
not one door and he in at another—
no dog. I saw the dog come from un-
sleight in a different direction from the
When she came back, I asked her if
was there, and she said, 'I suppose so,
in.' She then seated herself as before
ained of feeling dreadfully—vomiti-

ed. I said, 'how do you feel?' She said, 'dreadfully, all over.' I said, 'I will call the Doctor.' She was willing. I requested Mrs. Collins to call the Doctor. He came in. There were three cups of tea as usual. I poured milk into mine first, then into the others. I drank a little. No one else did. His habit before was to drink tea. He sat at the table a minute or two, drank nothing, and then went out to brushing. I poured one cup of tea into the milk pitcher and set it away. I saw white powder in the bottom; showed it to Mrs. Sager. She told me to take care of it; put it on the mantel piece. At 11 o'clock, gave it into Dr. Neal's hand—he told me to set it away. I did set it up on the high shelf where nobody would get at it. After Mrs. Sager died, Dr. Neal called for it, and I gave it to him. When Dr. Neal came first, she complained that she felt dreadfully. (Sager was present.) Dr. said, 'what have you taken?' She said, 'what I ought not to.' Dr. said, 'Rum? Gin? Brandy?' She said, 'No,' she then vomited. Dr. said, 'you have been taking egg-pow—she made no answer, but vomited. Dr. left medicine—Mrs. Gardiner gave it. Dr. went out, and said he would be back in a few moments. I left the room. Mrs. S. was then carried up stairs. I followed; was then absent some time. When I was up again, Mrs. S. said, 'you know I will die,' she was in great distress. I left her with Mrs. Gardiner. She said she thought she should die—'Ann, you know I will die.' Then I went out. Repaired to her bed side half an hour before her death. Sager came up; she said to him, 'you are the cause of all my pain.' He said, 'don't be ungrateful, my love.' I then left the chamber. When I came back she was speechless; she died about half past 2 o'clock.

Last winter or winter before last, Prisoner told Mrs. Sager that he had that in his trunk, but if she would fix it, he would take it and it would carry him to hell before morning. She said, you have nothing in your trunk; he said he had. Some time after he showed a paper of white powder, which he took out of his trunk he called it *poison*. Believe he was not in anger. He appeared pleasant.

He left his home, and boarded at the next house, last winter. There was always a disaffection between him and deceased. He was one two nights the week before her death and could give no account of it. She wanted to know where he had been, but he would give no satisfaction. They had been married sixteen years. He called himself thirty-six years old.

No body came into the house that morning
fore she drank the wine, and I believe not,
fore I discovered the powder on the milk,—
Mary Miliken was the first that came in af-
ter I drank the wine. I got the pitcher and
poured the milk into it, a little girl by the name
Hutchinson (either Melchite or Vienna, I
think the former) brought it in. From the
time the milk was brought until they set to the
meal, (10 or 15 minutes) no other person came
but Prisoner, to my knowledge. I was in
situation to know if any body did come in.
I took the pitcher from the mantelpiece, and
looked into it to see if there was any dust in it;
there was no powder. After I did see the powder,
I stirred it and brought some up on the spoon
in the bottom. I put the milk into the cups
and drank after the deceased drank the wine.

Cross Examined. Accused.

My father lives in Jefferson of the tea—became unwell in about an hour, or felt differently—whether from that, or I do not know. Was not so ill but that I about my usual work that day—next day, however. Slept little, if any, that night. I do remember that I looked into my cup. I alarmed by Mrs. Sager's complaining and the white powder in the milk. Mrs. Sager complained some time before—six or eight weeks ago, she had a sick turn of six or eight weeks. Since that she has been better—as well before. She took medicine sometimes—she bitters made of some kind of bark steeped, and she took mornings. She had been subtle till turns, and then she called the doctor and then said she should not live. I do not think that she took any thing in her chamber, and she drank the wine. I know not what was of the third cup of tea. He did not drink it. The cups were empty when I reached them, I might have poured it into the kettle. He placed the tumbler on the table and then broke the egg. The creamer was on the table. Mrs. S. was looking into the fire, and then he was between the and the fire.

333 Sarah Sprague. I was with Mrs. Sa-
then she died. Her last words were, 'I
not what Sager may think of himself—
the cause of all this.' It was past twelve
k when I went to Mrs. Sager's. Mrs. S.
she was very sick—in great distress. Di-
she said, 'don't you think I am dying?—
I cannot live.' She said she was per-
willing to die—had no fear of death.

Charles F. Gardiner, (son of the deceased) was present most of the time during sickness of the deceased. Went up between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M.—her in extreme pain. She said to me brother, 'O, boys, I wish I could talk you.' Sager pressed in by the back of I She said, 'O, I shall die,' and then looked at Sager, 'you are the whole cause now do be an honest man and accide it.' He muttered something in a of voice which could not be under- He put his arm upon her arm or body. heard him frequently damn her, using t profane oaths—this summer, once in ar. She having complained of his be- out, he said, he knew his own business.

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The Trial of
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it was what did not concern her. This was the week before her death.

The case was opened by Frederick Allen, Esq. in defence of the prisoner, and several witnesses introduced, the purport of whose testimony seemed to be that the deceased had long been in delicate health, had taken much medicine, &c.—and one witness, a sister of the prisoner, testified that the deceased had remarked that "when she went, she should go like the snuff of her candle." The examination of witnesses closed about six o'clock on Friday evening, when the Counsel for the Prisoner followed in defence, occupying the time until one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Attorney General Clifford concluded his argument on the part of the Government at about half past six, when the case was submitted to the Jury. On Monday morning, the Jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*. Below is the sentence pronounced by Judge Weston.

SENTENCE.

JOSEPH J. SAGER.
After a full and impartial trial, defended by able counsel, assigned at your request, a jury of your own selection have pronounced you guilty of the murder of Phebe Sager your wife. It was not perpetrated in an unguarded moment under the influence of excited feelings. The means resorted to are evidence of a deliberate and settled purpose of heart.

She had recovered from recent sickness, and had resumed her usual avocations. And there is reason to believe that you had violated your marriage vows, and that you witnessed with pain every indication in her of returning health. In the morning, you left the side of your unsuspecting victim, bent upon her destruction. It was holy time. A day consecrated by God to his more immediate service. You mingled for her the poison, you had long prepared. You presented the deadly potion to her lips; and you urged her to drink it to the dregs. You sweetened the fatal cup to render it palatable; and you allured her to accept it in terms of conjugal endearment and kindness. This life, which she has received from God, and which no other being had a right to take away; that life, which you had solemnly promised to cherish, you wantonly and wickedly destroyed.

You allowed her no time for preparation. The poison you administered, speedily did its office. You guarded against possible failure, by infusing elsewhere the poisonous ingredients, of which she was expected to partake. And if you did not intend that another victim should perish at your hands, you were at least reckless and indifferent as to her fate.

After suffering excruciating agonies, your murdered wife in a few hours, entered the unseen world. Her destiny is sealed. Her day of probation is ended. And is there mercy for you who showed no mercy? I dare not encourage you to hope that any earthly power will interfere for your relief. The claims of human justice must be satisfied. The land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.

But upon sincere and unfeigned repentance, there is mercy, even for the chief of sinners, through Jesus Christ. Will awakened conscience do its office before it is too late? Will your hard heart be softened? Will the tears of penitence flow? God knows. It greatly behoves you to be sensible of your guilt. Look back upon your past life. Call to remembrance the long catalogue of unrepented sins. It may awaken you to a sense of your condition. It may bring you to true repentance. Jesus Christ has power to forgive sins. With deep humiliation you seek forgiveness through him, there is yet hope for you. The fountain of his blood is sufficient to cleanse from sin, though it be of a scarlet color and of a crimson dye.

I conjure you, let the span of life, that is yet left to you, be devoted to preparation for another world; upon the verge of which you stand. It remains to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is—

That you be returned to the place from whence you came; that you be thence carried to the place of execution; and that you be there hanged by the neck, until you are dead; and may God Almighty have mercy upon your soul.

The Trial of Sager. We had intended to give our readers a sketch of the arguments of Counsel at this trial. But we have not notes sufficiently copious to do the gentlemen justice; and, besides, we understand that Asa Redding, Jr., of this town is about publishing a full and accurate report of the trial, of which the public can avail itself. Mr. Allen was short in his argument, but presented his points to the Jury with much force and ingenuity. Mr. Sprague argued long, and spoke eloquently. His appeal to the Jury in behalf of the Prisoner was peculiarly touching. Mr. Clifford, in closing the case for the Government, did himself much honor, and the important office which he holds full justice. He presented the case in a very strong light to the Jury, and not a single fact in the evidence, or a single point or cavil in the arguments of the Prisoner's Counsel, escaped notice or reply. As he followed Mr. Sprague in replying to his argument, he did not present the facts so well arranged, as he would otherwise have done. But his argument, as a whole, was able and convincing, meeting, every point in the case, and bringing the whole weight of the testimony, to bear against the Prisoner. We the more readily do justice to Mr. Clifford in this matter, because a certain paper with the petty malignity which uniformly governs its course towards political opponents has taken the occasion to sneer at his argument to

the Jury, as though it had not come up to the expectations of the public and the emergency of the case. The sneer needs no reply to those who heard Mr. C's argument, but those who were not present, should understand that it has its foundation wholly in feelings of political malignity—feelings which paper carries into every relation of life, and every combination of circumstances.

The Age.

From the Troy Budget.

A FEW QUESTIONS TO FARMERS.

Who was it last spring that attempted to run down the price of wheat and corn? Was it not the Bank men, who now call themselves whigs?

Who foretold the breaking of the Safety Fund Banks? Was it not the Bank newspapers?

When the Bank merchants run down the price of wheat and corn and rye, did they reduce the price of their tea and coffee and sugar?

How did it happen that the scarcity of money reduced the value of every thing in the hands of the farmer, while it did not reduce the property of the merchant?

Who reduced the price of wool, and predicted that there would be no sale or no demand for it? Was it not the Bank, panic wigs?

Where are now the distress prophets and the panic orators? Where are the preachers of wigs who stood in the market places to annoy unless the Bank was rechartered and the deposits restored?—Where are the coalition emissaries who foretold famine and starvation to the mechanic unless he would renounce his adherence to democracy? And where the itinerant Bank missionaries who went about from tavern to tavern declaiming against the removal of the deposits, declaring that the merchants were on the brink of bankruptcy, that the state Banks were unsound and unsafe, and foretelling a season of dreadful scarcity of money and prostration of business?

We repeat the enquiry, where are now these shades of silence? They are gone to more heard among us. With the adjournment of Congress, when, Ewing ceased to fabricate falsehoods, and Webster and the Kentucky desperado had wound up their wallings and false predictions, in the Bank service, the local prophets abandoned their vocation. From that time things have gradually assumed their wonted attitude. The mechanic finds employment and receives payment; so does the laborer. The merchant admits that his business is flourishing. Money is plenty to those who have any thing to buy it with. The time of the singing of birds, and the time of the budding and opening of flowers, and the early and later harvest came as they were wont before the removal of the deposits, and heaven has been propitious, and all mankind, save the advocates of the Bank, have been "joyful and glad."

Who is there who desires to witness the re-creation of the scenes of last winter and spring? Who desires to see our merchants again become political zealots and Bank attorneys? Who wishes to feel again the "Screws" of the marble palace? There are none, we trust. Yet there are many who uphold the authors of all these calamities; who will support the Bank and its candidates; who will aid by their vote to place men in power who will lend their services to the designs of Emperor Biddle, and smile to see our country ruined, if by its desolation the monopoly can triumph. Let such people be remembered.

Poulson's paper of Thursday talks of putting down Jacksonism. What does this mean?

The term of Gen. Jackson's service does not expire till the 4th of March 1837, when he will retire full of honor, and entitled to the gratitude of posterity. Is it meant that he is to be put down before his term is completed? No! it is only figure heads that federalism ventures to put down. There is no blood shed yet, says Mr. Bimney, the representative of Quaker Philadelphia. Jacksonism must be put down, says Poulson, who for forty years has been the servile echo of every man hostile to liberal principles.

This putting down is but a repetition of the old story of 1798. It is not Jackson that is personally meant, it is Democracy, and the Constitution, personified and slandered in him as they were personified and slandered in Jefferson thirty years ago, and as every man who holds the same opinion will be slandered—though they cannot be put down.—[Aurora.]

Mrs. Mumblechumps, who lived in the purlieus of Bungtown, was a very good and pious old lady; but she could not see far into things. For instance, though she conceived the rain to be a very clever thing in the way of bringing forward her cabbages and turnips, she could not possibly see why a drop of it should fall into her pig trough. The old woman prided herself on keeping a famous fat pig. But as she had no roof to her sty, every time there came a shower, the pig trough would get full of water, which very much vexed the amiable Mrs. Mumblechumps, for it cost her a great deal of trouble to sweep it out again. Well, so it happened that the person to whose church she belonged, was passing by one morning after a smart shower, when the old lady's pig's trough, as usual, upon the like occasions, was full of water. Mrs. Mumblechumps was out of her through as fast as she could; and not noticing the person, mumbled to herself all the while—'Rain, rain, rain, all the time; nothing but rain. Everlastingly filling my pig trough

with water—keeping me sweep, sweep, sweep, every whipsitch—more plague than its neck's worth. Wish there never was any such thing as rain; that's what I do!' 'Good morning Mrs. Mumblechumps,' said the person, who had refrained from speaking until she had fully uttered her private sentiments respecting the rain. 'Mrs. Mumblechumps started at the good man's voice; but presently recollecting herself, she made a low curtsy, expressed her pleasure on seeing the minister, and then casting her eyes up to heaven, she exclaimed, 'Seems if the blessing of God is on air this morning—such a fine rain—and all for poor sinful critters like me, that—' 'That were just now wishing there never was any such thing as rain,' interrupted the person. 'Lord forgive us all our sins!' exclaimed the good woman; 'I didn't know any body heard what I said.' 'Twixt you and me, I've no objection in the world to the rain, if 't wouldnt fall in my pig trough,'—N. Y. Transcript.

Important to Working Men. We find in the Connecticut Courant a notice of the following case which was tried at the recent session of the County Court at Hartford:—

"Thompsonville Carpet Manufacturing Company vs. W. Taylor and others. This was a suit against the defendants for conspiring to raise the price of wages, and hindering other weavers from going into the employ of the plaintiffs, and had a strike in July 1833. The great point in case was, whether the peaceably conspiring or agreeing with the workmen to refuse to work for less than a named sum, constituted a ground of civil action on the part of the employer. On this point the Court charged the Jury in the negative. The case was much labored, and consumed a week in trying it. Verdict for defendants."

GAMING. At a late term of the Circuit Court, in Fayette county, Kentucky, the Grand Jury were changed by the Judge, to enforce the laws on the subject of gaming. They proceeded to summon witnesses before them, one of whom was the Mayor of Lexington. The Judge subsequently intimated to the Grand Jury, that prosecution of the inquiry rested on their discretion, and was not obligatory, upon which the Jury resolved that they could not effectually prosecute their inquiries, if, as they understood the court to intimate, witnesses were not to be compelled to give testimony before them. The Judge explained; and the witnesses who were summoned, refused to answer, were fined and imprisoned for a contempt of Court. The Grand Jury subsequently presented a communication to the Court, charging it with delinquency in the discharge of its duty. This was alleged by the Judge to be a contempt, and seven of the Grand Jurors, who refused to declare on oath that they had no intention to censure the Court, were fined \$40 each, and imprisoned for the space of twenty-four hours.

'Tom, why is this copper like a strong smell of onions?'

'In faith, Dick, I can't say.'

'Why is it like up-hill?'

'Up-hill? why, really now, I don't think I know.'

'Well, why is it like a bundle you've just received?'

'Bundle!—just received!—I can't see, Dick, why it is.'

'Dye give it up?'

'Yes.'

'Yes, you say; well, why is it like 'yes?'

'Oh dear! I can't tell, Dick—why is it?'

'Because, you numskull, it's a cent!—(a cent—ascend—ascend—ascend.)'

Question in Arithmetic. A London paper says, there is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a plough share, weighing about twenty-four pounds. How many men (it asks) will it be necessary to slaughter, to make a rail road from Liverpool to London.

Difference in Ploughs. A remarkable instance of the beneficial influence of agricultural exhibitions occurs to me. It is related that in a certain district in England the farmers were in the habit of using six horses to a plough. Upon the institution of ploughing matches it was discovered that the same work could be done with two. In consequence, the old ploughs were soon laid aside—the new ones adopted, and the labor of four horses out of six dispensed with. I have seen an account of some experiments made a few years ago under the direction of the Secretary of War, to ascertain the comparative force required to plough different ploughs. The ploughs tried were all of approved kinds. But there was found to be a difference of nearly fifty per cent. That is, it would take nearly half more power to do the same work with some, than it would with others.—L. Warren's Address, Maine.

MARRIED.

In Norway, by Rev. J. Haynes, MR. THOMAS POOL to MISS MARTHA A. MILLET, both of Norway.

In Salem, Mass. Mr. George W. Nichols, Printer, of Thomaston, to Miss Susan G. Treadwell.

In Readfield, Mr. Philander Morton to Miss Diann Lombard.

In Milburn, Mr. Wentworth Shorey, of Athens, to Miss Eliza Leavitt.

In Gardiner, Mr. John Palmer, to Miss Martha A. Handy of Hallowell.

In Portland Mr. John O. Bartells to Miss Rebecca Adams.

In Boothbay, Mr. George W. Winslow of Brunswick, to Mrs. Elizabeth Wylie, of B.

DIED.

In Industry, Mr. Caleb Follet, aged 26; son of Mr. Benjamin Follet.
In Bloomfield, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, aged 84 years.
In Greene, Aug 9th, Mr. Samuel Lane, 48—on the 12th, his son, Daniel Lane, 15—20th, his wife, Sarah Lane, 50.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GLOBE.

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.
THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, which we commenced publishing at the last Session of Congress, will be continued through the approaching one. It will be published in the same form, and at the same price; or, in a double royal sheet, made up in sections. When any important subject is discussed, we propose to print an Extra sheet. Subscribers may calculate on at least three or four extra sheets. At the close of the session, an index will be made for the 1st and 2d sessions, and sent to all subscribers.
We shall pay to the reporters, for preparing the one hundred dollars a week, during the session. In publishing it, therefore, at ONE DOLLAR for all the numbers printed during the session, we may boast of affording the most important information at the cheapest price. Editors with whom we exchange, will please give this Prospectus a gratuitous insertion; and those friends to whom we may send it, will please procure subscribers.

TERMS.
1 copy during the session, \$1 00
11 copies during the session, \$10 00
Payment may be made by mail, postage paid, at our office. The notes of any specie-paying Bank will be received.
No attention will be paid to any order, unless the money accompany it.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twenty-seventh day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Elisha Pettengill, in Livermore, all the right in equity of redemption which *Owen Adams* has to the farm on which he now lives in Livermore, and which he had on the 27th day of June last when the same was attached upon the original writ.—Said farm consists of about one hundred acres, and is situated on the east side of the river near Moose-hill, and mortgaged to Elisha Pettengill, for about two hundred dollars.
LEE STRICKLAND, Deft. Shff.
Livermore, Oct. 27, 1834. 4w13*

Public Attention

IS most respectfully solicited by the subscriber to an invaluable preparation.

BOTANICAL DROPS!

are every year increasing their long-established reputation. They have outlived many rival preparations, and are continually gaining upon public confidence.
They have been successfully administered for many years, as a remedy for—
Scorbuta, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Scurvy, Foul and Obsolete Ulcers, Sore Legs and Eyes, Scald Head, and Venereal Taint;—and are also successfully used in cases of violent eruptions on the Face, Festering Eruptions on the Skin, and other diseases of the external surface, and are one of the best Spring and Autumn Physics known, to free the system from humors.

A Physician of eminence, who had witnessed the efficacy of this article, had the candor recently to acknowledge to the Proprietor, that he considered it the best medicine known, for the complaints for which it is intended, and that it ought deservedly to stand at the head of the whole class of such remedies.
Price \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

Teeth! Gums!

THOSE who would retain or restore these desirable personal advantages, are assured that no composition can be obtained superior to the

BRITISH ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE, which is exempt from acid and other deleterious ingredients, which too frequently enter the composition of tooth powders in common use, and it whitens the enamel of the teeth, without doing it the least injury. Its application also braces and strengthens the Gums, secures to them their healthy and florid hue, and, by removing all discolorations and offensive foreign accumulations from the teeth, preserves the natural sweetness of the breath.
Price 50 cents.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conaway. For sale, with the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston;—and, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway—Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.
Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. 3 [No. 1.] c5ply.

MERINOS & CIRCASSIANS.

THIS day received from Boston, a large supply of MERINOS, CIRCASSIANS, CALICOES, SHAWLS, HIDEES, SLICKS, BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CAMELETS, & PETERSHAMS, Together with a general assortment of articles usually found in Country Stores, all of which will be sold at lowest prices for Cash, produce, or approved credit. MOSES HAMMOND. Paris, Oct. 13, 1834.

J. H. WARDWELL

HAS just received
DUFFELS or LIONS SKIN, for men's over coats.
ALSO—An additional supply of BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, Faddings, Canvas, Linings, and real French Sewing Silk & Twist.
A few BUFFALO SKINS, FUR CAPS & GLOVES
Also—Sheet Iron, and a quantity of Wilson & Hawkesworth's CAST STEEL.
Rumford, November 3, 1834. 6 w 12

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.
THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, which we commenced publishing at the last Session of Congress, will be continued through the approaching one. It will be published in the same form, and at the same price; or, in a double royal sheet, made up in sections. When any important subject is discussed, we propose to print an Extra sheet. Subscribers may calculate on at least three or four extra sheets. At the close of the session, an index will be made for the 1st and 2d sessions, and sent to all subscribers.
We shall pay to the reporters, for preparing the one hundred dollars a week, during the session. In publishing it, therefore, at ONE DOLLAR for all the numbers printed during the session, we may boast of affording the most important information at the cheapest price. Editors with whom we exchange, will please give this Prospectus a gratuitous insertion; and those friends to whom we may send it, will please procure subscribers.

At Rumford Corner

JUST received—
CIRCASSIANS, MERINOS, FLAIDS, KATTINETTS, HIDEES, TIBET SHAWLS in
DARK PRINTS entire new patterns, Black, Brown, Red & Purple Glazed Cambrics, Fine Linens, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Footings, Wedding, Bunting, and SILK GOODS.
Together with a variety of other New Goods suitable for the Season.
Also—Fine ground Redwood, Logwood & Camwood, Madder, Otter, Indigo, Blue Vitriol, &c.
J. H. WARDWELL, 600 FAIRS Men's short Stockings, by Oct. 30, 1834. 6 w 12

Stray Horse.

THIS day delivered to the subscriber as pound keeper of East Livermore by Nathan Coswell, a light sorrel horse, with black mane and tail, also a white spot on the forehead, which I have committed to pound as an estray—said horse having been taken up in the highway on the 15th instant.—The owner of said horse is requested to pay what is legally and justly demandable for impounding the same, and all other legal charges and take said horse away.
COLUMBUS HAINES, doct.
Livermore, October 24, 1834. 3 w 12

1000 Lambs

PELTIS, wanted by A. ANDREWS & Co. Paris August 2, 1834.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JOSEPH WALKER,

late of Concord, in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to PERCY C. VINOUX, Esq., of Rumford, my Attorney. FRANCIS N. FISK, Adm'r. Oct. 21, 1834. 3 w 12

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator de bonis non on the estate of

SUSANNAH WALKER,

late of Concord in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to my Attorney, PERCY C. VINOUX, Esq., of Rumford. FRANCIS N. FISK, Administrator de bonis non. October 21, 1834. 3 w 12

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by Virtue of a License from the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate of Wills, &c. of the County of Oxford, there will be sold on Tuesday the second day of December next, at one of the clock P. M., to wit, at the real estate of John Abbot late of said Andover, deceased, as will produce the sum of Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of Sale. Said real estate consists of the homestead Farm of the said Abbot, situated in said Andover, and a pew in the Congregational Meetinghouse at Rumford Point. JOHN ROLF, Administrator of said Estate. Rumford, Oct. 21, 1834. 3 w 11

Commissioner's Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford to receive and examine claims of the several Creditors to the Estate of Henry Coolidge, late of Waterford in said County deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that a further time of three months from the 18th day of September last, is allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend that service at the office of F. M. Stanton in said Waterford, on Saturday the 23d day of November next at one o'clock in the afternoon.

LEANDER GAGE, } Commissioners,
AMERICA HAMLIN, }
Waterford, Oct. 23, 1834.

ROAD NOTICE.

The Petitioners for, and all others interested in, the contemplated new road from Paris-Hill to Stowell's Mills, are requested to meet at Norris' Hotel, on Thursday the 13th inst. at 9 o'clock, A. M. to explore the route—if that day be stormy, the next fair day.

JOB WORK,
Executed with neatness
and despatch at this
OFFICE

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

From "Hook's Love and Pride."

"After a transient refreshment, the party seemed more familiarised to each other, and even Seville himself condescended from his stilt, and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the left hand corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution companies till at length the subject of the lotteries was started by the winklekeeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize."

"This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject. He enumerated dukes, members of Parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attorneys, and Pall Mall pastry cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums."

"Indeed, sir," said he, "even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this present moment, by the same means, if it had not been for accidental circumstances over which I had no control."

"What might that have been?" said the winkleman's friend in a piteous tone.

"No sir, not that. I had it—it was mine; it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business; a friend, who knew my ticket, called in my absence, offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it, she knew that it had only cost me a few shillings;—she sold it to him; all for a loss for my soul—she's in heaven now, sir, and I'm in the scolding about it—it won't bring me an intruder, the same afternoon, d—n me—what evil!—it excused my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize."

"A general exclamation of horror followed for the announcement."

"And now sir," continued the gentleman "as I walk the streets in wet weather because I can't afford a hackney coach my friend Dodo, the lucky purchaser dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in a house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter on the plea of her poverty."

"It was evident that the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstance keenly."

"Well," said Seville, "I don't think I could have survived such a thing."

"Only conceive sir," said the gentleman, "resembling to delight in aggravating the miseries of his loss—only conceive my coming home out of city—having seen my number placarded as the prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket book—having bought a necklace and a pair of earrings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding upon my arrival that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated for one hundred and twenty guineas which she exultingly exhibited; and which with thirty-five more went to pay for the baubles I had taken her home."

"I could not have stood that," said the winkleman.

"Nor I," said the weeping husband.

"I should have cut my throat," said Seville.

"So I did sir," said the melancholy gentleman, "and here are the marks where it was sewn up!"—exhibiting at the same moment a huge scar across his windpipe.

THE PARSON'S BOOTS.

The Rev. Mr. F—, of Connecticut, was a whole-souled and obliging man. He would deny his neighbor nothing, in the way of accommodation, which in conscience they could ask. But, as a sort of offset, it was hinted that he claimed a return in the good graces of certain of the wives, daughters, sisters, and so forth of his much obliged neighbors. Whether common report belied the parson, or not, the result was the same, and many a high joke, both sly and open, was passed off at his expense.

A young man, a neighbor of his, wishing to appear in boots on a certain occasion, and having none of his own, went to ask the loan of the parson's. "Yes, Joel," said the good natured man, "you may have the boots; but you must remember to return them soon."

"Sartainly," said Joel, "I'll fetch them right away, as soon as ever I'm done with them, and that'll be tomorrow evening, if nothing happens."

The parson looked out for his boots on the morning; but they did not come. It was the same the next day, and the day after, and so on for three weeks. In all that time Joel never showed his face, and the bootless parson began to lose all patience, when one day meeting the delinquent with a boot in each hand, he exclaimed:

"Well, young man, you're a pretty young fellow, are you not?"

"Why, so the gals say," replied Joel, showing his teeth.

"You forgot to bring home my boots as you promised."

"O no, I didn't forget, Mr. F—; I set out the very next day evening, to fetch 'em home. But just as I got agin the road that turns up to Deacon Thompson's—you know the Deacon has some plaguery handsome darters—well, jest as I got agin the road, your boots wouldn't go an inch further, and I was obliged to stop and talk along of gals a while, till by'n by it got to be so late, thinks I, I won't carry the boots home to-night."

"Well, what hindered you from bringing them home the next evening?"

"Why, the next evening I set out with them again, and, with a good deal of whippin and

spurrio, I got 'em past the road that turns to the Deacon's; and now thinks I, I'll get along well enough. Well, and so it turned out, until I come to the lane that turns down to Curnal Buttricks; and there, as true as I'm alive, the boots stopped agin, and they would not budge a step, till I'd gone and talked with Sally Buttrick a while. So it got to be too late again that evening."

"But that don't account for the whole three weeks."

"No; but I'll tell you how it was. The very next morning I determined the boots should go home, whether or no. So I set out to fetch 'em away round 'cross lots, so as not to pass the Deacon's road, nor the Curnal's lane—Well, this project worked amazin well. The two greatest difficulties was got over; and now, thinks I, I'll take the high road again; but plague take the boots, as I come opposite the Widow Smiths, they would stop agin. And so it was evening after evening, until this morning, I thought I'd set out in the day time, and see what I could do then."

The parson, vexed as he was, could not help smiling at Joel's account of the perversity of his boots and congratulating him on his success in getting them thus far on their way home.

"Why, to be sure," said Joel, I have been rather lucky in getting by, as it were, all the most dangerous places; but I had to wait pretty hard for it, though it was day time, for the boots kept a tangle twirling and yerkin, as I came past the Deacon's and Curnal's, and the Widow's. But I took the bits in my teeth, so my face strait-afore me, and here I am. And now Mr. F—, if you'll jest take charge of the boots yourself, I'll be much obliged to you."

"O certainly Joel, and glad to get them so."

Joel handed over the boots, and said, as he turned about to go back, "I'm very much obliged to you for the use on 'em, Mr. F—; they're capital boots, and fitted me to a shavin; but the truth on't is they have a tarnation nack of going to see the gals."—[N. Y. Trans.]

Warming a Bed. A good old lady in the city of Portland, whose husband was tormented with the rheumatism was advised to warm his bed with a pan of coals and to throw in a little sugar. She accordingly threw upon the sheets something like a pound of brown Havana sugar, and then proceeded to draw a pan of hot coals briskly between the sheets by which operation the sugar was high restored to its primitive state, and made as hot as when it came from the boiling cauldron. Meanwhile the old man had denuded himself, and when the pan was withdrawn crawled between the sheets as fast as his lameness would permit. But the bound from the bed gave the lie to his complaint—no member of the Ravel family could have vaulted to the floor with more agility than the sugar-seal old codger, and no Senator could have roared louder than he did. In the jump he struck the dame, and man, woman, two children and the hot coals came to the floor together. But the coals were scarce less comfortable than hot sugar, and the evening's entertainment concluded with "ground and lofty tumbling by the whole company." But the exercise thus taken was productive of good, and barring the seal skin the old man was rendered more free from pain than he had been for years before.

Gross Debasement. A report lately published by a committee of gentlemen in London for collecting facts in relation to the subject of intemperance, disclosed some of the most disgusting cases of infatuated devotion to liquor that ever came before the public. One case is quite enough to show the character of the report. A woman, not a widow, and the aunt of a most distinguished vocalist, having been reduced to beggary, and after having seen four sons and two daughters transported, agreed to sell the teeth in her head for the means of obtaining intoxicating drink, and had actually disposed of her whole stock of that commodity, until she had reduced the number to two—The last one she sold to a dentist in Long Acre for four pence, for the purpose of purchasing gin, and she then made up her mind not to dispose of the remaining two, as the pain and trouble was worth more than four pence. Deprived of this resource, she applied to a Medical man to take her body after death, which speculation he would not enter into unless she would take a certain medicine so many times a week. This rather startled her, as she was apprehensive that the medicine was intended to put the Doctor the sooner in possession of his purchase, and she did not conclude the bargain.—[N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

Shocking Accident.—During the exhibition of the Menagerie at Covington, a few days ago, an individual named Black had the temerity, contrary to the remonstrance of several persons present, to offer a small piece of tobacco to the Elephant, which it received in its trunk or proboscis. To that noble animal, nothing can be more repulsive. Having re-acted the imprudent act several times.—The Elephant became enraged, and seized the unfortunate man wound his trunk around him, pressed him to the earth. The death of the individual was almost instantaneous, and the confusion that succeeded is said to have been truly alarming. The friends of the deceased threatened the immediate death of the animal, to prevent which, we regret to say, the proprietors had to run it out of the country. All must regret the result, and wonder at the infatuation which could urge an individual to rush madly to a doom which must have appeared inevitable. It should be a lesson to all who visit such places never to place too much confidence in the docility of animals which they know can and will resent

injuries and insults. The nature and disposition of such are not readily understood. [Wabash Courier.]

The enjoyment of Reading.—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in his intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have the book, to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough, or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified, and interesting scene; and, while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with great advantage of finding himself, the next day, with his money in his pocket, or at least, laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family—without a head-ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and, if the book he has been reading be any thing above the very dullest; and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to."

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand instead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—[Sir John Herschel.]

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. The title of a new weekly Paper, devoted to the republication of standard works of the best writers. It is well printed on paper of the finest quality made entirely of linen; each number contains sixteen 4to. pages, making one volume of 222 pages per annum. It will be sent by the mail to any part of the U. States or Canada, upon the proprietor receiving three dollars per annum, post paid.

Nos. 1 and 2 contain The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie, and The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith; Nos. 3 and 4, Tales of the Hall, by the Rev. George Crabbe; No. 5 commences the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. There will be no abridgement of the work of any author.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "REPUBLIC OF LETTERS." Under this title, Mr. Wm. PEARSON, of this city, has commenced an enterprise which we really think deserving of very great success. It is a publication which, in the shape of a quarto novel, or Magazine, is intended to furnish the public with a copy of a great number of the most approved and elegant works of English Literature. The publication contains sixteen pages quarto, and is somewhat larger than the London Magazine. The paper on which it is printed is not merely beautiful to the eye, but of the best quality, and sized so that one may write on it without its blotting. The typography is at once neat and legible, and the whole style of the execution has far more the appearance of London than New York. To show the reader at once a cheap rate a library may be procured through the means of this publication. We may mention that the first number contains the whole of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," and a fourth part of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,"—for all which the price is only six cents. When enough numbers are printed to make a volume, the subscriber will have, in the compass of one neat quarto work, what in any shape never published without extending through many several weeks ago. In these three numbers, each of 16 small quarto pages, are contained the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, the whole of the Vicar of Wakefield, and more than half of Crabbe's best work, the Tales of the Hall. These works, in the ordinary shape, occupy four or five duodecimo volumes, and could not be procured at less than from three to five dollars. In the Republic of Letters they occupy three numbers of a paper the size of this journal, as folded for delivery, and are sold at the price of eighteen cents. This is making literature cheap indeed, and depriving poverty of all excuse for ignorance. And let it not be supposed that this extraordinary cheapness is attained by printing the works on poor materials. On the contrary, the typography is uncommonly beautiful, and the paper is of a quality much superior to what is commonly used in book printing, even the best Boston editions. It is as white as snow, is composed either wholly, or in great part, of linen, and may be written upon as smoothly as the sheet on which we are indicating the title of this article, which is on Gilpin's best.—[Evening Post.]

"A weekly publication bearing the above title, has been undertaken by Mr. Pearson. The design of the work is to place in the hands of all, the old standard works, which are now generally referred to as the scene of the study of the young, and which are so much followed by those desirous of cultivating correct taste. The undertaking is deserving, and should meet with a liberal patronage. Each number contains 16 pages of closely printed matter; the typography is of the best; the paper is of the finest quality, and the whole is bound by far the cheapest, as well as the most useful publication that has yet appeared. The present number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and part of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield."—[Evening Star.]

"Under this title, Mr. William Pearson has commenced a weekly Periodical, which is certainly the cheapest that ever came to our notice. It is calculated to embrace only standard works. The first number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and one fourth of the Vicar of Wakefield, the price of which is but six cents. Five-fifty two numbers, or the year's publication, will, at this rate, contain some fifty or sixty of the best works in the English language, and cost but three dollars. The paper and typography are besides elegant."—[Courier & Enquirer.]

JOHN S. LIVERMORE, late of Livermore, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

RICHARD MERRILL, at Livermore, Oct. 21, 1834.

LEVI DOLE, late of Rawley in the county of Essex, Mass, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the legacies, by the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

STEPHEN PEARSE, Judge.

JOSEPH G. COLBY, Register.

Coppy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLBY, Register.

GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

American Magazine, OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. To be illustrated by numerous Engravings. By the Boston Bewick Company.

THE success which has attended the publication of the best Magazine from the English Press, has led to preparations for issuing a periodical more particularly adapted to the wants and taste of the American Public. While it will be the object of the proprietors to make the work what its title indicates, it will nevertheless contain all articles of interest to its patrons which appear in foreign Magazines.

Extensive preparations have been entered into, both with artists and authors, to furnish from all parts of the Union, drawings and illustrations of every subject of interest which the publishers confidently believe will enable them to issue a work honorable to its title, and acceptable to the American Public.

The first number of the American Magazine, illustrated with upwards of Twenty Splendid Engravings, will appear on or before the first of September, and be continued monthly, containing between forty and fifty imperial octavo pages, and be furnished at the low price of two dollars per annum. It will comprise—

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of distinguished Americans; Views of Public Buildings, Monuments and Improvements; Landscapes; Scenery; the boundless variety and beauty of which, in this country, will form an unceasing source of instruction and gratification; Engravings and descriptions of the character, habits, &c. of Birds, Fishes, Insects, together with every subject connected with the Geography, History, Natural and Artificial resources of the country, illustrated in a familiar and popular manner.

FREEMAN HUNT, Agent for the Boston Bewick Company, 47, Court Street, Boston.

Boston, July 19, 1834.

PRIZE TALES.

THE time limited for the receipt of Articles for the premiums last offered having expired, and the awards having been made, the publication of the several manuscripts has been commenced, and will be continued, till the budget of original matter received, is exhausted. As the publishers of the Galaxy mean to devote to repeat the offer of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in the sums as before, viz: Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale; Twenty-five for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five for the best Article upon a Miscellaneous subject. The writers are at liberty to select their own scenes and characters; the publishers having decided not to confine them to any particular age or country. The manuscripts may be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked "Name," and the directions of the successful writer only will be opened.

In addition to the matter contributed for the prizes which will continue to be offered, the publishers, determined to spare no pains to make the Galaxy a useful, readable, and interesting paper, have engaged contributions from the pens of precised writers. To say they have done all they can do, would be a contradiction to the present expression of their intention to increase their efforts to merit patronage as that patronage increases.

Although our list of country exchanges is already sufficiently large, and we have felt obliged to decline new exchanges, we now offer an exchange in any country editor who will give this notice a few insertions.

Terms of the Galaxy. Three dollars per annum. Persons at a distance who order the paper, are expected to make payment in advance, or give satisfactory reference in the city. Persons obtaining subscribers, and sending fifteen dollars, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Boston, Sept. 13, 1834.

To the County Commissioners of the County of York, respectfully represent the undersigned, inhabitants of Porter and Parsonsfield—

THAT the public greatly need a new road from Porter meeting-house, in the county of Oxford, or near there, by which the road to the Great Orono River, called by Gideon M. Randall's in Parsonsfield; the road between those two places, as now travelled, being exceedingly hilly and nearly twice as far as the new way now contemplated; and that the road from said Randall's to Parsonsfield, on the route to Portland, is circuitous and hilly, and that your Petitioners in Parsonsfield suffer great inconveniences in going to the market towns; and they further represent that the distance in nearly a right line from the store of said Randall to the new county road in Cornish, is about one mile and three-fourths of a mile over level plains, and that a good road can be laid out from said store to said new county road, with but small expense for damages or for costs of making the road, and which will be of great convenience to your Petitioners and the public. Wherefore your Petitioners request that you would, in manner prescribed by law, proceed and cause a road to be laid out on the route herein described.

JOHN SUTTON, and many others.

STATE OF MAINE.

YORK, ss:

At a regular Session of the Court of County Commissioners of the County of York, held at Alfred, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED, That the Petitioners notify all persons and corporations interested, that said Commissioners will meet at the house of GIDEON M. RANDALL, in Parsonsfield, aforesaid, on the first Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock, A. M., and will then proceed to view the route set forth in said Petition, and immediately after such view, will, in some convenient place in the vicinity, hear the parties at that time and place, the County Commissioners of the County of York, and the Town Clerks of said towns respectively, and by causing said Petition and this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, and in the Maine Recorder, printed at Limington, by causing the Chairman of the County Commissioners of the county of Oxford, to be served with a like copy, by causing the same to be posted up in three public places in each of the towns of Parsonsfield and Cornish, in the county of York; and Porter in the county of Oxford, and by causing the Town Clerks of said towns respectively, to be served with a like copy; the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be thirty days, at least, before the said first Tuesday of December.

Attest: JERR. BRADBURY, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and order thereon, Attest: JERR. BRADBURY, Clerk.

At a Court of Probate, holden at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-first day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

ON the petition of ISAAC FRYE Administrator with will annexed, of the estate of LEVI DOLE, late of Rawley in the County of Essex, Mass, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the legacies, by the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

STEPHEN PEARSE, Judge.

JOSEPH G. COLBY, Register.

Coppy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLBY, Register.

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned beg leave to represent that a County Road is much wanted beginning near Levi Luden's Mill in Peru, thence in a direct course as practicable through the notch of Black and Speckled Mountains in Number Two, and thence through Number Two and the town of Sumner in the best practicable direction to Paris Court House. Your petitioners, believing that a road as thus contemplated would be a great accommodation to the public, and, respectfully request that the Court aforesaid would order such proceedings that the route aforesaid may be viewed, and if adjudged expedient, a road laid out and accepted.

JOSIAH TEBBETTS & 36 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

At a County Commissioners Court begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED, that the Petitioners give notice to all persons & corporations interested in the County of Oxford, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Levi Luden, Esquire, in said Paris, on Wednesday the tenth day of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the Petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of each of the Clerks of the towns of Peru, Sumner and Paris, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Peru, Sumner and Paris, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, published at Paris in the County of Oxford, and in the Eastern Argus, a newspaper printed at Portland, all of said notices to be served, posted up, and the first publication in each of said newspapers to be made at least, thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and tracts of land in the town of Porter, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lands are taxed in bills committed to me to collect, for the year 1834, as follows:

Owner's Name	Range	No. Lots	No. Acres	Value, Yrs.	Tax, 1834.	Deficient High-way 1834.	Total.
Unknown	A	16	100	150	3 06	\$ c.	3 06
"	"	17	100	125	2 54		2 54
"	"	18	100	75	1 86		1 86
"	"	20	25	31	64		64
"	B	19	40	40	81		81
"	C	18	100	100	2 04	5 46	7 50
"	"	19	100	150	3 06		3 06
"	A	19	100	100	2 04		2 04
"	D	18	135	150	3 06		3 06
"	"	19	135	150	3 06		3 06
"	E	16	100	150	3 06		3 06
"	"	17	60	60	1 22		1 22
"	G	5	95	95	1 93		1 93
"	"	3	100	150	3 06		3 06
"	"	2	50	50	1 02	2 76	3 78
"	"	7	70	50	1 02		1 02
"	"	4	50	50	2 76		2 76
"	"	3	50	100	5 47	5 47	
"	"	7	70	55	9 00	3 00	

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to the subscriber, on or before THURSDAY the 26th day of March next, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will be sold at Public Vendue on said day, at one o'clock P. M., at the store of Ebenezer Blais, Jr. in said Paris.

EZRA GIBBS, Jr. Collector.

Porter, October 27, 1834.

Notice!

RUNAWAY from the subscriber on the 18th inst. Joshua Crooker an apprentice—I therefore forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, for I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

PORTER KIMBALL.

Rumford, Oct. 25, 1834. 3w11

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twenty-seventh day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity of redemption which **Owen Adkins** has to the farm on which he now lives in Livermore, and which he had on the 27th day of June last when the same was attached upon the original writ.—Said farm consists of about one hundred acres, and is situated on the east side of the river near Moose-hill, and mortgaged to Elisha Pettengill, for about two hundred dollars.

LEE STRICKLAND, Dept. Shff.

Livermore, Oct. 27, 1834. 4w11

HEZEKIAH PIKE, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

JOSEPH DOOLEY, at Paris, Oct. 21, 1834.

EDMUND TOMBS, late of Hiram, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

SIMON PEARSE, at Cornish, Oct. 21, 1834.

DANIEL H. BONNEY, late of Carthage, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

AUGUSTUS S. C. STRICKLAND, at Wilton, Oct. 21, 1834.